Great International Yacht Race between the Vigilant and Valkyrie. Eight-page Panorama in this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

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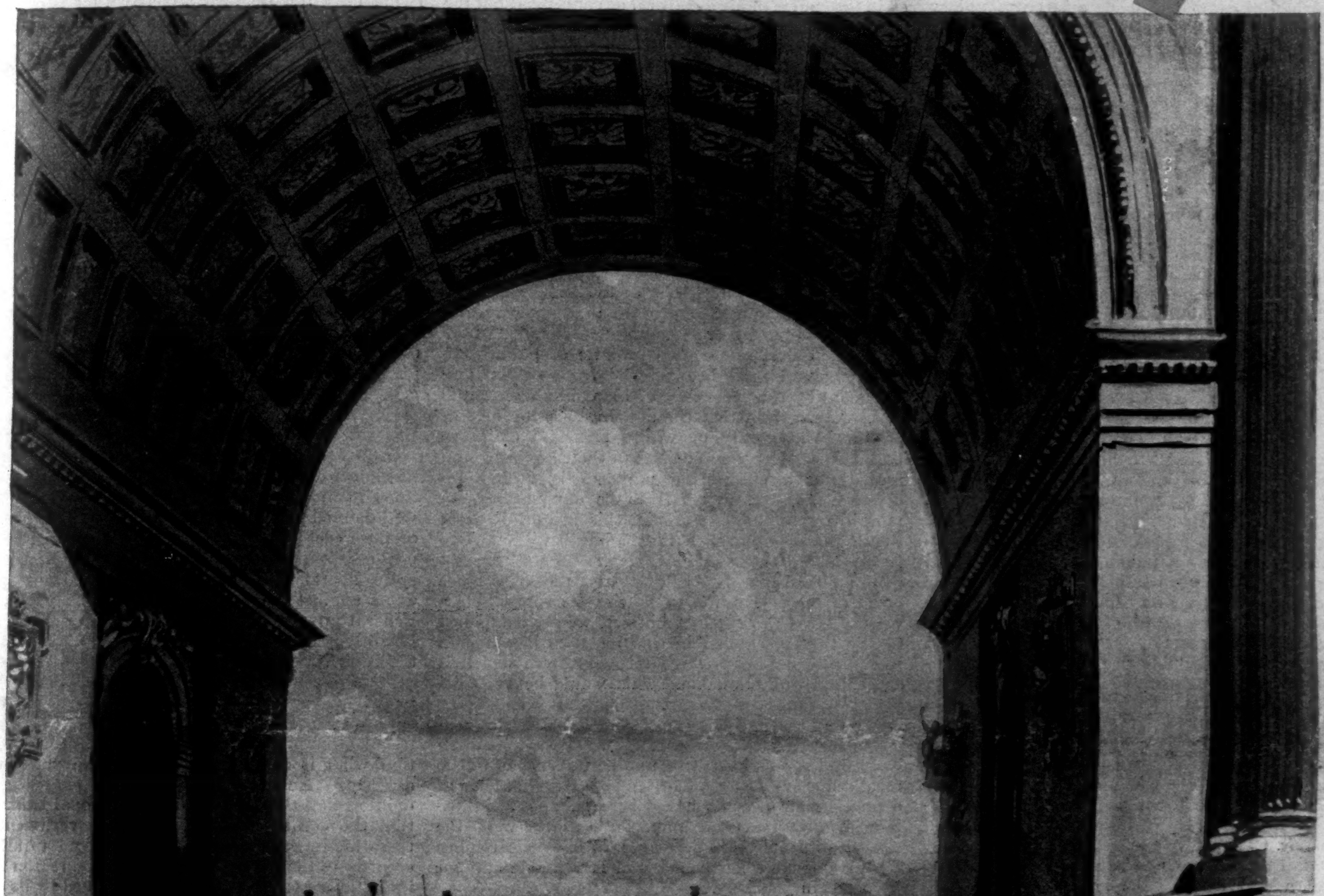
FO[illegible]OLLARS A YEAR.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GRAND ARCH OF THE PERISTYLE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE VAN ALEN CASE AGAIN.

IN our last issue we published an article upon this subject which since then we have found to be based upon a very serious misapprehension of an essential circumstance. The moral significance of the matter is determined by the answer to the question whether the fact that Mr. VAN ALEN had during the last Presidential campaign made a large pecuniary contribution to the Democratic campaign fund was known to the President in a manner calculated to have any effect upon his action. That the fact was known to the President we are now certain, for it had been brought to his notice in a very impressive manner not only by one person, but by several. What relation did this circumstance have to the appointment?

If President CLEVELAND is in any doubt as to the light in which the nomination of Mr. VAN ALEN to so important a place as that of American Ambassador in Italy appears to a large portion of the public, that doubt should be solved by the plea brought forward by his principal defenders in the Democratic press, that the Republicans who found President HARRISON blameless in appointing Mr. WANAMAKER to a position in the cabinet are debarred from finding fault with President CLEVELAND for nominating Mr. VAN ALEN. The VAN ALEN case, they say, is certainly no worse than the WANAMAKER case was. This is true; it is no worse. But can Mr. CLEVELAND read or hear such an argument in his defence without a bitter feeling of humiliation? Can he fail to remember that the press and the spokesmen of his party had been loud in denouncing the appointment to so high a place of a man who had not in the least distinguished himself as a public character, and had hardly any other title to public preferment than the contribution of a large sum of money to the Republican campaign fund? Can he fail to remember that this act was held up to the eyes of the people as a striking example of Republican profligacy, and formed one of the most prominent counts in the campaign indictment of the HARRISON administration? The mere plea, therefore, that Mr. CLEVELAND'S act is no worse than Mr. HARRISON'S was leaves Mr. CLEVELAND in a position which must appear, to say the least, most unsatisfactory to himself, and is certainly unsatisfactory to men to whom proper moral standards in politics are of any importance. They will ask that Mr. CLEVELAND'S action in appointing Mr. VAN ALEN be shown to be not only no worse, but far better, than Mr. HARRISON'S action was in appointing Mr. WANAMAKER.

We are certainly not disposed to judge Mr. CLEVELAND harshly. We are rather conscious of a leaning in his favor. But we cannot close our eyes to the facts in the case as they have become known to us. At a certain period of the late Presidential campaign the Democratic managers found themselves in great need of money. A large sum, no matter how large, was obtained by Mr. WHITNEY from Mr. VAN ALEN, a rich gentleman living in Rhode Island. Soon after the election it was rumored—and this rumor was freely talked of in political circles—that Mr. VAN ALEN was expecting a high diplomatic appointment in consideration of the pecuniary aid he had given toward Mr. CLEVELAND'S election. Charges of a well-understood bargain were frequently heard. Mr. VAN ALEN was not in any way distinguished as a public man. He had rendered no public services. He was entirely unknown to the political world. He had never taken any part in politics except by his contribution of money. So far the case of Mr. VAN ALEN corresponds exactly with that of Mr. WANAMAKER, only that Mr. WANAMAKER'S was more the subject of public discussion. There was in the two cases the same wonder how such men could suddenly loom up as candidates for high places. The difference was that Mr. HARRISON appointed his man promptly, while Mr. CLEVELAND hesitated more than six months, being in the mean time by several of his friends well advised of all the circumstances of the case, and anxiously warned of the inevitable consequences. But after long hesitation he at last made the appointment. The effect upon public opinion was in the two cases essentially the same, only that with regard to Mr. CLEVELAND the disappointment was greater, because much better things had been expected of him.

In both cases the charge of bargain was denied with equal positiveness, and in both cases probably with equal justice. Men of experience in political life tell us that under such circumstances no formal bargains are ever made. But the permission to expect a favor in consideration of a service rendered is almost as good as a bargain. That such a permission was given neither by Mr. HARRISON nor by Mr. CLEVELAND in person we may take as certain; nor would either of them admit that Mr. WANAMAKER in one case or Mr. VAN ALEN in the other received his appointment only on account of the contribution of money to the respective campaign funds. But the question arises whether Mr. WANAMAKER and Mr. VAN ALEN would have received their appointments *without* their money contributions. Would Mr. WANAMAKER ever have been thought of for a cabinet officer or Mr. VAN ALEN for the American embassy in Italy had they not helped to elect to the Presidency Mr. HARRISON in the one case and Mr. CLEVELAND in the other with their money? We doubt whether anybody in this broad land can be found bold enough to affirm that either of them would, such as they then were, have had the slightest chance of being considered in the course of high political advancement but for the political use they made of their money. Scores of Republicans would unquestionably have been preferred to Mr. WANAMAKER for the Postmaster-Generalship, and scores of Democrats to Mr. VAN ALEN for the Italian embassy. And there is the rub. It will readily be admitted that between appointing to office men who would not have been appointed but for their money contributions, and permitting offices to be bought with money, the difference is not very great. It is certainly not essential.

The question whether the contribution of money to a campaign fund should be absolutely a bar to subsequent appointment to office has received various answers. While it may be argued with a good show of reason that a contributor to a campaign fund who has rendered eminent public services, or whose abilities present uncommon promise of public usefulness, should not be excluded from official employment by the mere fact of his contribution, it is absolutely certain that the appointment to office of persons whose only or whose principal claim to political consideration consists in their having given money for electioneering purposes is utterly indefensible, and cannot fail to be dangerously demoralizing in its effects. In this respect it is of the highest importance that administrations, like judges, should not only avoid the offence against good political morals itself, but also the appearance of an offence. Even if we take ever so favorable a view of Mr. CLEVELAND'S motives, we are compelled to say that his action in this instance has dealt a blow to his moral prestige recovery from which is exceedingly questionable. This would be very deplorable in the case of any President. It is especially deplorable in his case, since he had earned the reputation that in such matters he would always instinctively find the right course, and be unbending to the most seductive appeals of friends. His character as a public man of acute moral perceptions and inflexible firmness was an important property of the American people, and the value of that property has by this one conspicuous act in a lamentable manner been put in jeopardy.

THE SURRENDER OF THE ANTI-SNAPPERS.

THE Democratic enemies of the HILL-MURPHY machine have surrendered. They made no opposition to the bosses, but permitted them to capture the State Convention, and to once more lead in his own State the party which nominated GROVER CLEVELAND for President. Even in the city of Buffalo, where Postmaster-General BISSELL lives, and of which Mr. CLEVELAND was once the Mayor, there was no organized opposition to the delegates whom Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN selected. The bandits have prevailed in the open field. There has been no occasion for the exercise of cunning, for ambush, for the talents that work best in the dark. They have had no enemy to overcome or to circumvent. The men who might have contended with them, and seized from them the organization of a great party, have not appeared except in a few scattered towns and counties. Where they fought they generally won, but in one county, Tompkins, the CLEVELAND men who composed the county convention deliberately elected HILL delegates to the Saratoga Convention.

It is a sad and humiliating story, a story of weakness, almost of betrayal. There is no doubt of the strength of the Democratic opposition to the State machine. It has been demonstrated. It was sufficient to beat the carefully prepared and strongly fortified purposes of the snap convention. It mustered nearly a quarter of a million voters. It was so formidable as to be able to convince the doubters from other States that Mr. CLEVELAND could carry New York in spite of the prophecies and threats of the machine. That its power is not broken is shown by the triumphs its partisans have recently won in primaries and conventions here and there. And these triumphs were gained without patronage, State or national. Thousands of anti-snappers assert that they could not hope to beat the machine because the President declined to recognize their organization in the distribution of patronage. This contention has been signally disproved in the northern part of the State, in Genesee County, and in Tompkins County. It has been shown in these places that plunder is not the only thing for which men make sacrifices and struggles in politics. The anxiety of the machine to placate the men who had the courage to fight it is an admission by the leaders of their own weakness. By their orders resolutions eulogistic of Mr. CLEVELAND have been passed in all their county conventions, and they preferred to seduce the CLEVELAND county convention of Tompkins to refusing admission to the CLEVELAND delegates, who would have been sent to the State Convention but for the successful cajolery of the machine.

The machine triumphs against the supine and leaderless majority of the Democrats of the State. This degradation of the party will lead to its defeat if the Republicans conduct a wise campaign. But it is not only the Democratic party that is degraded. The State itself, its Republican as well as its Democratic citizens, also suffers, by reason of the corrupt leadership of a party that has elected its candidate for Governor and has control of its Legislature. The Democrats who have surrendered to the machine are, in other respects, good citizens. Some of them are among the foremost men of the State. They owed a duty to the commonwealth which they declined to discharge. They might have saved the State from the shame of the triumph of the bosses, and in doing that they might have made a brighter future for the politics of New York. All the hopes and ambitions, all the expectations of the better things to come, that were brought into being by the early triumphs of the anti-snappers must now be postponed. There is nothing left for patriotic Democrats but revolt at the polls. If the good men of the party will not reform it, the voters must smash it.

CARLISLE ON BANKING AND CURRENCY.

THE present Secretary of the Treasury is an old-fashioned Democratic statesman. He settles questions in his own mind in accordance with certain well-defined principles. He believes that the powers of the Federal government are limited, and he does not accept living statutes embodying hostile and more liberal interpretations as establishing precedents against his own view of the character of the Federal government. Therefore he urges an absolute divorce between the general government and the banks.

In a recent statement of his views the Secretary is reported to favor the repeal of the State bank tax, because it is an unjust and unconstitutional attempt of the government to do by indirection what it confessedly has not the power to do directly. He is there reported as expressing the opinion that there should be no national banks, and that the connection between the government and these institutions has resulted in harm to all concerned—to the business community by reason of the inelasticity of the currency, necessitated by its disappearing basis through the payment of the national debt; to the banks themselves for the same reason; and to the government, whose Treasury Department has come to be regarded as a great bank, although it has, and can have, no banking powers. Mr. CARLISLE evidently feels no very great interest, as the finance officer of the government, in the question as to what banking system shall follow after the destruction of the national banks. As he believes that the Treasury should have no connection with banking and currency, but that its functions should be confined to the collection and disbursement of the public revenues, it follows that he has no reform or extension of the national bank system in view.

This is a fresh contribution to the currency and banking discussion, which is important because it comes from the one Democrat now in public life who is best equipped for the discussion. While other and lesser lights in his party are devising means by which the national banks may be more firmly established, and the supervisory powers of the government may be extended over State institutions if their power to issue currency should be revived, Mr. CARLISLE goes to the root of the matter and states that the Federal government should have nothing to do with banking. Incidentally his interpreter states that Mr. CARLISLE does not fear the return of "wild-cat" currency, any more than he fears the return of the conditions that made such a currency possible.

Undoubtedly any proposition concerning this subject which is entertained by Mr. CARLISLE will be discussed in Congress. When the time comes, when the SHERMAN purchasing law is repealed, and when the future monetary system of the country is about to be determined, the Democrats will be forced to decide whether they will follow Mr. CARLISLE and support a scheme which will return the Treasury to the simple state that is Mr. CARLISLE'S ideal, which will absolutely free the government from business relations with individuals and banks, which will take

away the guarantee of circulation which, the Secretary asserts, has also limited it and made it inelastic, and which, so far as the United States are concerned, will leave to business itself the regulation of the medium by which business is transacted. Mr. CARLISLE'S theory involves the turning back to the States of all banking legislation and all governmental control of banks. When it is considered that this proposition comes from the Secretary of the Treasury, whose party is in a majority in both Houses of Congress, its great importance will be recognized. The debate on this question will reveal a strong opposition to Mr. CARLISLE'S views. The national banks are very firmly fixed in the confidence of the people who have been so well served by them.

ARTISTIC EDUCATION.

THE annual revival of activity in the art schools of New York draws attention to something more significant than the mere return of a certain number of youthful and enthusiastic students to their tasks. In bringing up the question as to how far the metropolis is equipped for the training of artists, this awakening of the *ateliers* brings up also the question as to how far the artists need to be trained. Narrowly speaking, those of their educational necessities which should be considered by the art schools refer to technique alone, and in this respect New York occupies, at present, a singularly gratifying position. At the various local sources of artistic instruction, at the Art Students' League, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Academy of Design, and the Brooklyn Art School across the river, the classes are numerous and are in the hands of a thoroughly efficient corps of teachers. Within the limits set by the comparative adolescence of America in such matters, and by the imperfect state of our public collections, New York is capable of grounding the painter, the etcher, the sculptor, the architect, and the industrial artist in the rudiments of their professions.

Thus far we have followed the elementary lines of art education, and have followed them to good purpose. Recently there has been a new development—new to this country—which is perhaps the most encouraging of all. We refer to the establishment of travelling scholarships for painters, and the formation of special classes in which competitors for those prizes might be prepared. In founding travelling scholarships patrons of art have recognized some of the most essential points in the training of an artist—the stimulation of his imagination and the broadening of his outlook upon life. Culture in the highest sense is still far from holding the position it deserves and is destined to obtain in the perspective of the artist, but there is probably no better substitute for it, in his case, than an acquaintance with European galleries and European life, and while we are waiting for the younger generation to learn the value of literature, music, science, and philosophy to their art, we may be glad that their gospel of art for art's sake is being corrected by contact with the great artistic minds of the past. Such a scholarship as that founded in memory of the late JACOB H. LAZARUS at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example, comes near to rivalling the beneficent plan of the French government in sending a winner of the *Prix de Rome* to nourish his art upon the inspiration of Italy. According to the terms of the LAZARUS memorial the winner is maintained during two years of study abroad on an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. He is expected to advance himself on the executive side of his art, but the aim of his sojourn is plainly more than a matter of technique, more than a matter of strengthening his wrist.

This broader conception of the requirements of art education is reflected in the programme of a painting class now being organized at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Under the direction of Mr. JOHN LA FARGE, students, and especially those who propose to try for the LAZARUS prize, will exercise their brushes, but will also make *a special study of the collections of the Museum, and such other pictures, public or private property, as may be accessible to them.* This strikes a healthy note. Artists in the critical period of their growth must direct their energies through more channels than those of actual performance. The crying need of modern art is for more thought, for more imagination, for more of the quickening impulse which lifts the instruments of art above the barren level of sheer virtuosity. In every prospectus which reaches us there is a sign that the want is realized. In the scholarships offered by the Academy and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the lectures given at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, we discern a resolution to supplement the elementary education of an artist by what he needs quite as much—an appeal to his nature on many other sides. This appeal has been made before, but never so systematically as it is being made to-day.

OCTOBER OUTINGS.

OF the four seasons that fill the measure of the year the autumn days are fairest. This is not only so because of the rich coloring of the foliage, the soft and balmy air, that is at once a recollection of the summer heat and a realization of the better things hoped for when the dog-star was raging, but it is true because carefully kept statistics for more than a half-century past proclaim the fact. Poets and painters, who love so well the cool and soft October days, might be deceived, and perpetuate in their song and on their canvas the rare days, the exceptional days, the days that come so seldom that they will not be forgot. But the statistician, the careful measurer of the sunshine and the rainfall, tells us that during fifty years in the Septembers and Octobers in the neighborhood of New York there have been more fair days than in any other two months. This seems astonishing when one recalls the droughty Julys and Augusts, but it is a fact that cannot be disputed. But even though it were not quite a fact, the glorious month of October would still be the best of all months for those outings that are dear to healthy men. There is a richness in the woods and the fields that appeals to all save the confirmed cockney, and will not be denied. We take our vacations quite generally in July and August, not because that is the best time to be in the country, but because it is the worst time to be in town. But there are some fortunate men who can take vacations whenever they choose, and some more fortunate who live in the country all the year round, and know nature's changing moods from month to month. Such as these are generally wise enough to get from ripe October as much as possible.

Whether the outing be by water, by road, or afield, there is a greater promise of enjoyment in the autumn than earlier in the year. A horseback excursion in midsummer is more frequently than not a hardship both to man and beast. But in the shorter days, even at mid-day, it is not too warm to canter over the level stretches and up the hills, even though the distance should be several miles. On the water there is surer promise of a breeze to fill the sails, and a better prospect that the wary fish will bite. In the woods the nuts are ripe, and in the fields the timid quail, grown bold from long immunity from peril, pipes its little rallying call, all ignorant of the fact that the careful sportsman is marking its presence in this place, and that with the idea of later trying his marksmanship on that particular bird and its brood. And even for those industrious excursionists the bicycle-riders—men and women who will not be cheated of their outings whatever the month, whatever the season—October has in it more of joy than any other time. On their wheels they can sit with heads erect without fear of a too caressing sun spoiling their complexion. This regard for the complexion, it has been said, is why the wheelmen stoop over in such ungraceful fashion, and bend their backs like badly warped bows. The roads being at their best in October, the wheelmen are for a little while off duty as inspectors, and can therefore devote some time to a study of the unfolding landscape, and ponder on the problem why it is ten times as far up a hill as it is down. But to those who only care for the country to escape the city's summer heat, October offers nothing specially attractive to call them from the crowded pavements and busy haunts of men. The restfulness of the red-besprinkled October landscape would suggest to them only a sad loneliness, and they would not like it. But, as DRYDEN sung,

> "For active sports, for pleasing rest,
> This is the time to be possess'd."

A LUXURY THAT POSES AS A VIRTUE.

YOU may think it is the Bible that says that "cleanliness is next to godliness"; but no, it was merely JOHN WESLEY. BARTLETT attributes it to him, and records that he said it in a sermon on dress. Personal cleanliness is all very well, and no doubt the congregations that JOHN WESLEY was in the habit of addressing stood in some need of having the merits of it expounded to them. But it can be run into the ground. If it is a virtue at all, it is one that is easily exaggerated into a vicious excess. It is a luxury, and, like all the other luxuries, it is more or less enervating. People who have formed the habit of keeping clean and living in clean houses are not happy unless they and their surroundings are neat and tidy. They dislike work that soils their hands or musses their clothes, and consequently are much less ready to take hold and help when occasion offers than their less fastidious fellows. Moreover, like the other luxuries, cleanliness is costly. To live in a clean house, especially if it is a large one, is a very serious expense. To have windows washed once a week, and carpets swept and rugs shaken, and paint washed now and then, and ceilings whitened once a year, and to have clean table-linen and bright silver, are all luxuries that eat up the incomes of families and divert expenditures from other fields. It does not do a family any real good to be so desperately clean. Its hospitality is not more gracious or its benevolence truer because of it. Indeed, it often works directly against these attributes. Who has not known housekeepers to whom guests were not welcome because of the trouble of putting things to rights after they had gone? and who does not know families whose incomes are so taxed by the care and cost of fine clothes and a fine dwelling kept in perfect order that they can seldom afford to have any one in their houses except themselves, and can seldom spare either time or money for their spiritual or intellectual advancement? Cases have been known where mothers of families, who were harassed almost to sleeplessness by the disparity between income and expenses, have still put two clean dresses a day upon each of their children, not in conscious defiance of fiscal laws, but out of helpless inability to see anything but good in clean clothes.

It is undeniably nice to be clean and to live in a clean house, but it is dear, and it may easily cost more than it is worth. Up to a certain point it is a great thing not to be afraid of dirt. Dirt is somewhat uncomfortable, unless you are used to it; but there are worse things. It is not so bad as debt, or meanness, or that poverty of the soul which possesses nothing that it can share. The very rich may be as clean as they can, but the poor and the people in moderate circumstances should be only so clean as they can afford to be. If it costs too much to wash the windows twice a month, wash them once a quarter. If it is too great a strain to keep the children clean all day, be satisfied with having them go clean to bed. Some very nice children get their clothes dirty, and children may have spick-and-span dresses on and not be nice at all. Grimy or stuffy dwellings are not pleasant, but it is by no means in the most immaculate houses that the most comfort is found. Oftentimes there is more present satisfaction and more future benefit to be had with a book in a spare hour by a dingy window than where the window-glass is bright, but as a consequence there is no book and no spare hour to read it in.

It is generally conceded that if the *man* in the house has a fair chance he will make himself comfortable. His lair may not be exceptionally neat or particularly pretty, but it will be a good place to sit down in and a good place to work in. Does he ever complain that it is not kept clean enough? No, never. When he grumbles it is because the carpet has been taken up, and all the books turned out, and the curtains carried off, and the windows washed. Men are tolerably clean animals, but they do not make such a fetich of cleanliness as some women do who know no better. To be comfortably clean is good, but to be extravagantly and inconveniently clean is a greater mistake than to go dirty.

THE POSTER OF BILLS.

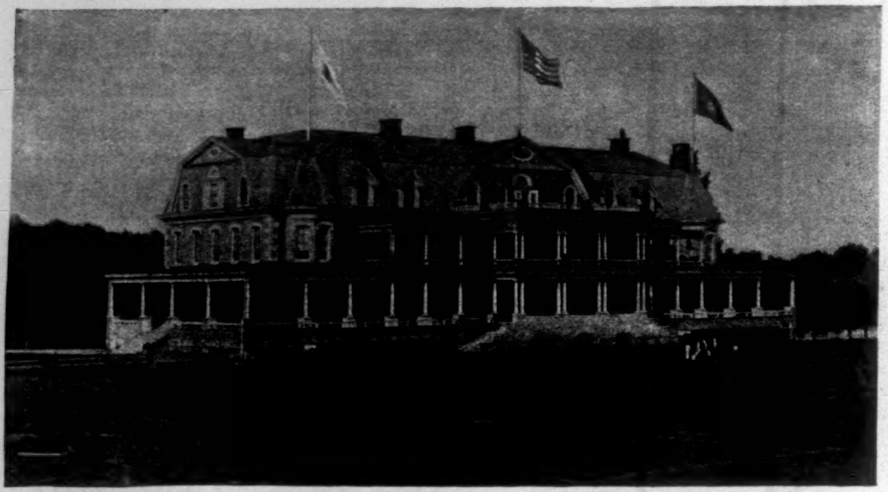
As a race we are burdened with misfit maxims and aphorisms which are behind the times. There should be a committee appointed to bring our proverbs up to date. Take the antiquated adage which implies that the bee is an industrious insect; modern scientific research has shown that the bee is nothing of the kind, spending half of its time buzzing up and down picket fences and lying in wait to sting small boys—operations good, perhaps, considered as field sports, but which cannot be looked upon in the light of commendable industries. If the old aboriginal philosopher could have known something about the modern bill-poster, let us say, it is altogether probable that he would have given him serious consideration before he put forth his monograph to prove that the bee is a busy creature.

We take it that in the matter of plain industry the bill-poster stands alone, with no man worthy to be second. The bill-poster is busy the year round, and rejoices in leap-years; but he seems to make an especially violent effort at about this season. He sleeps a little, we fancy, at other times, but now he scorns any such display of weakness, and sticks bills through the long night as well as through the hurrying day. We mentioned recently, in speaking of the opening of the theatrical season, the awakening among the bill-boards, remarking how they now cry out and refuse to be comforted. At this season, in fact, we live amid the thunders of bills, when bill-board calls unto bill-board, and the raucous roar of three-sheet posters reverberates along the startled streets. It is surmised that possibly the bill-poster is kept awake by the noisy demonstration of his own bills. But it is not likely that he wants to sleep. A building might burn down somewhere, and if he were asleep he would not get the hot and tottering walls covered with posters in time to catch the eye of the man running to get the 5 A.M. train. If he were at home in bed he could not crowd through the fire lines and post bills on the top story while the firemen were fighting the flames on the floors below. He loves to be out on the street at night, when, should he discover a fire, he can bill the front of the building and then turn in an alarm.

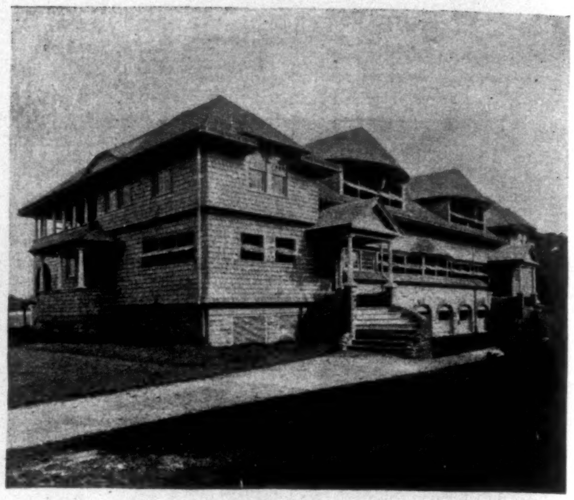
If the spirit of restless industry which pervades the ranks of the bill-posters could be made to permeate the rest of the community, who dare say how much it would add to the national wealth? If, for instance, the bill-posting zeal could take hold upon the messenger-boy, the change which would be wrought in the social and business world is scarcely conceivable. It seems hardly probable, however, that it will become epidemic among the messenger-boys. But, on the other hand, there appears to be no danger that the idea of the messenger-boy will infect the bill-poster. Fire nor water nor night nor storm nor policeman can stop him. The only thing which ever gives him pause is the dreaded and hated sign of Post no Bills.

It must not be supposed by the unobserving that pasting up the gigantic bills which cover fences and sides of houses is the bill-poster's only work. These, to be sure, are his great works, the ones which call forth his genius; but his long, steady, untiring, day-in-and-day-out labors are directed at the humble ash-can. The pile of bricks, the dry-goods box, the new building, all attract him, but none of them give him that pure tranquil joy which he feels when a new ash-can swims into his ken. He loves to bill and rebill an ash-barrel, every morning a new bill, whether or not the old one has been damaged, till the barrel is padded with paste and paper, upholstered in bills, takes on an obese aspect, becomes broader than it is long, and looks as if it were wearing extremely pronounced crinoline. But it is when rival bill-stickers descend upon the ash-cans of a given street, one detachment waiting around the corner till the other has affixed its loathed bills, and then swooping around and sticking its own over the others with a slap of wet brushes and a swirl of paste around each like red fire around a pin-wheel—then it is that an ash-can grows a bark like a cork-tree—layers of rind enswathing strata of paste and paper. It is related of an ingenious citizen living on Eighth Avenue that he baits his sidewalk regularly each morning with ten alleged ash-cans, around which the bill-workers clash and rally all day. At night the citizen slips off the accumulated cylinders (by a process which he keeps secret), and sells them as a cheap quality of paper barrel in which to ship potatoes to Europe. As to the strict morality of this way of obtaining a livelihood, we leave it to other and subtler casuists.

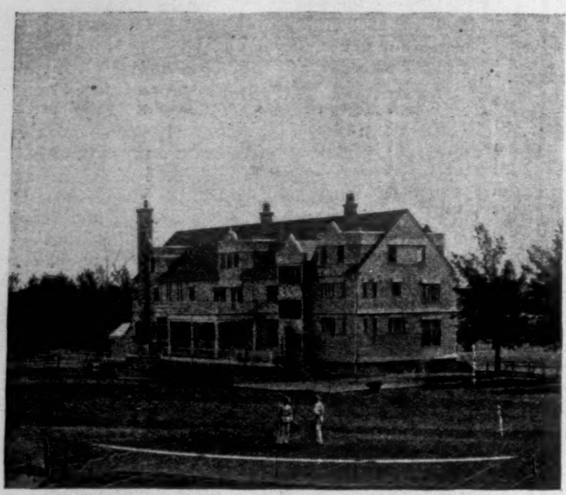
We must also leave to other investigators the discovery of the reason for this awe-inspiring industry among them that post bills—a phenomenon which must be studied in the light of the no less wonder-compelling stagnation existing in the ranks of them that carry messages. Is it possible that bill-posters, paradoxical as it seems at first sight, are messenger-boys of a larger growth? that all of the vast oceans of energy conserved and stored up while in the larva state of messenger-boy bursts forth in riotous profusion in the perfect condition of bill-poster? There are whole intellectual restaurants of food for thought in this idea; but we leave it to some professional essayist. Properly worked out, he can make of it a bright, snappy paper for some live and breezy quarterly review.



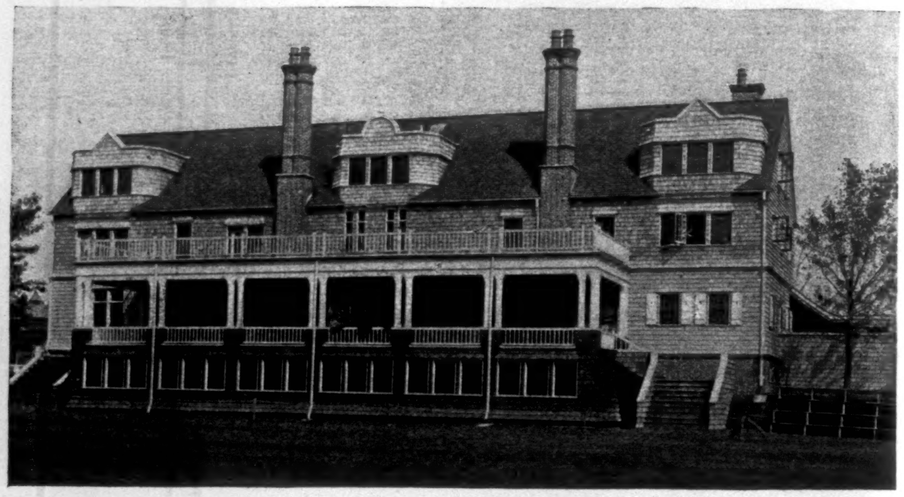
MERION CRICKET CLUB'S COUNTRY HOUSE



MERION CRICKET CLUB HOUSE.



BELMONT CRICKET CLUB'S NEW HOUSE—REAR VIEW.

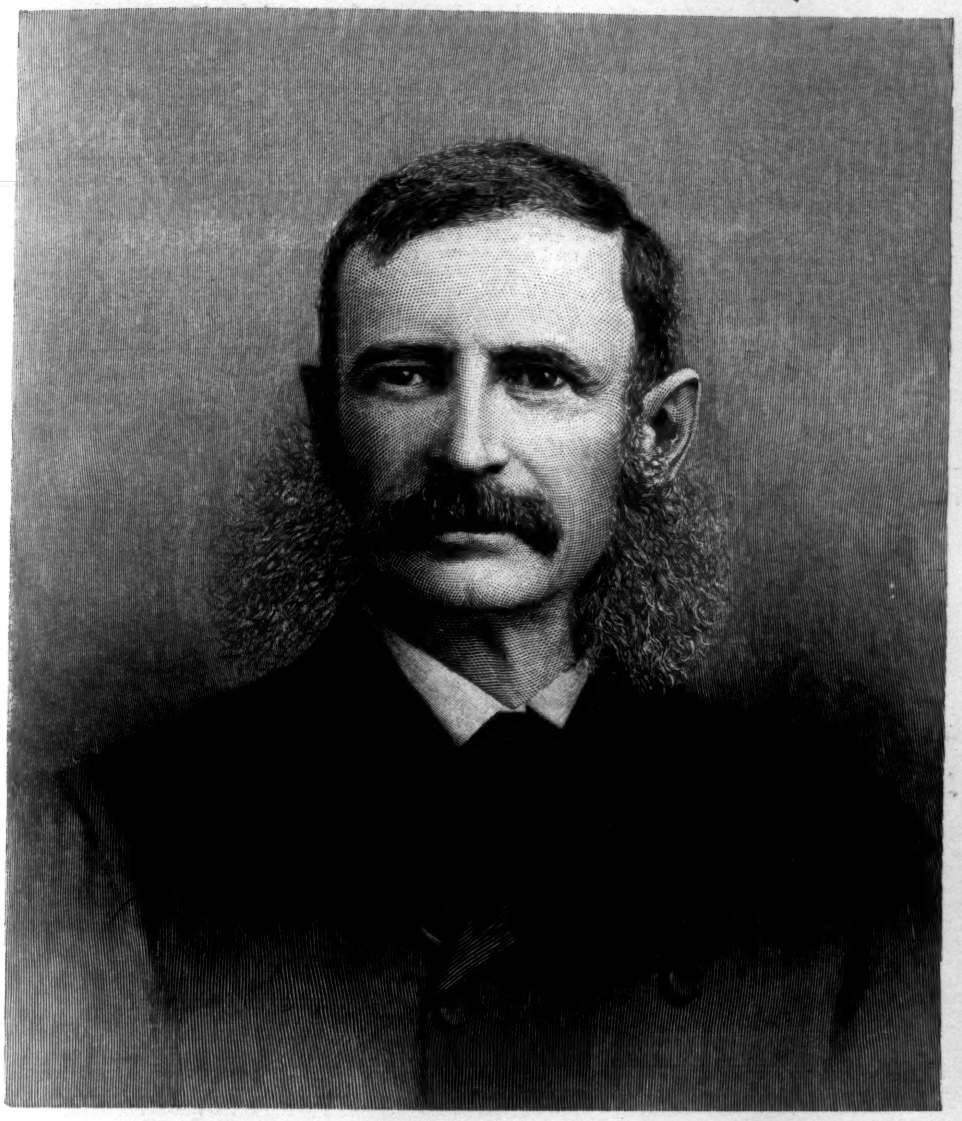


BELMONT CRICKET CLUB'S NEW HOUSE—FRONT VIEW.

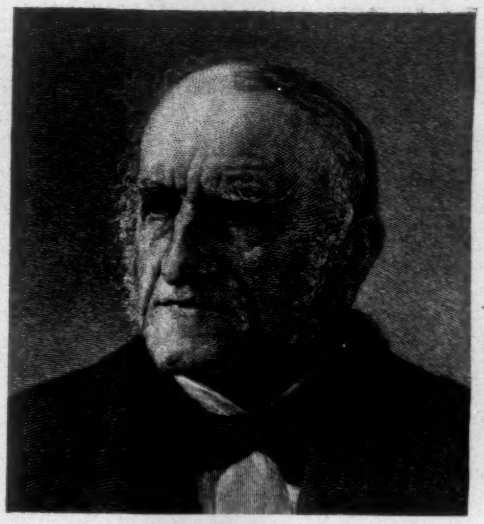
TWO OF PHILADELPHIA'S CRICKET CLUBS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE LAPLAND VILLAGE.

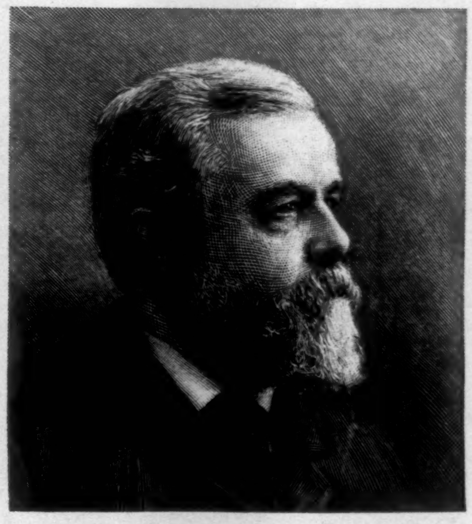
MRS. JOHNSON. "DE BABY SEEM TER BE CONTENTED."
MR. JOHNSON (*in a facetious mood*). "YEH; HIT'S IN LAPLAN'!"



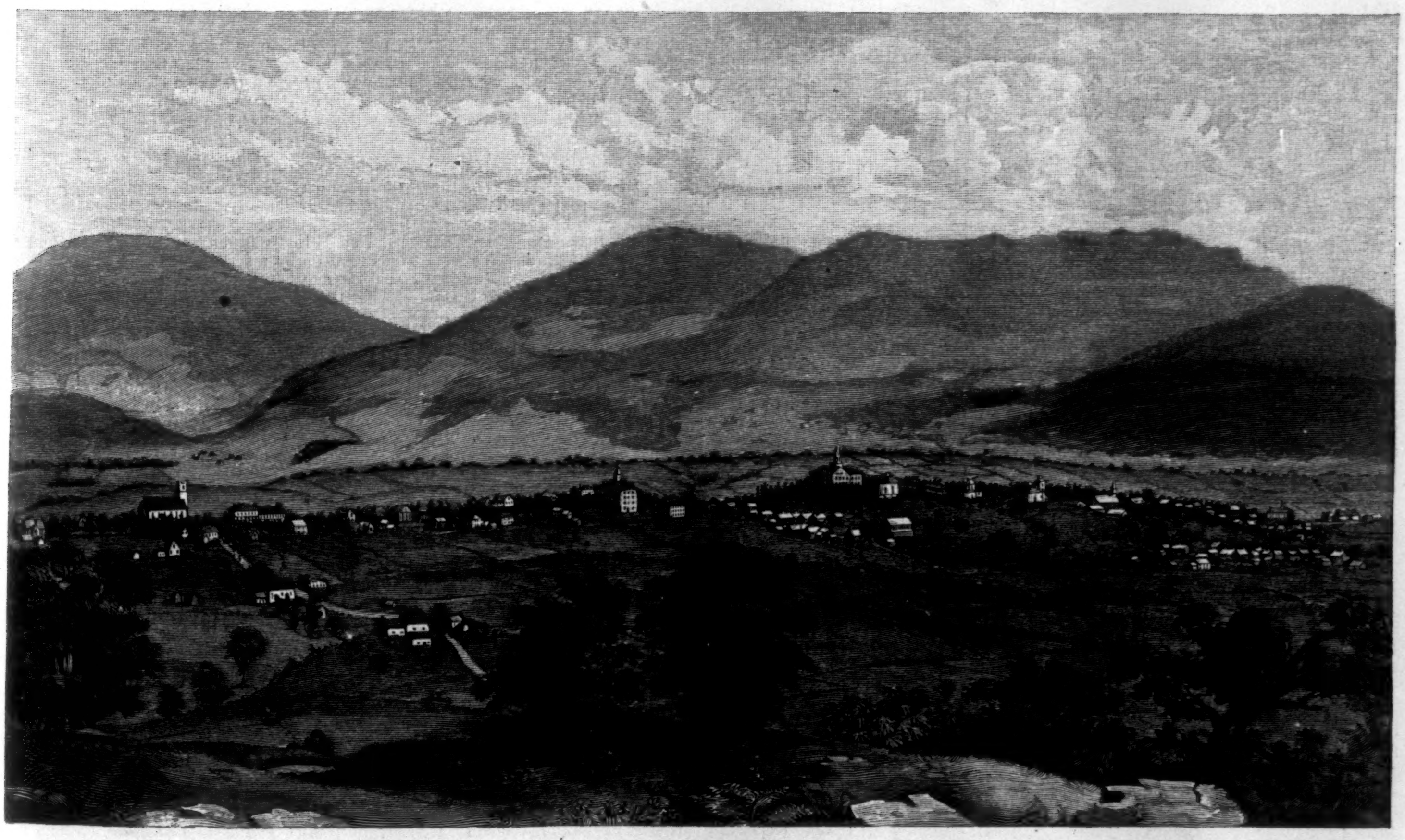
FRANKLIN CARTER,
President of Williams College.



REV. MARK HOPKINS,
President 1836-1872.



F. F. THOMPSON,
Donor of the Thompson Laboratories.



VIEW OF WILLIAMSTOWN IN 1825.

THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—[See Page 982.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Measures suited to save a man's life are often taken too late, but if means are not absolutely lacking, they can usually be made available in time to give him a proper funeral. The death of Professor Richard A. Proctor from yellow fever in a New York hospital in 1888 has not yet been forgotten. He died far from his family and friends, and was buried without formal ceremonies of any kind in the family lot of Stephen Merritt, in Greenwood Cemetery. It was obviously desirable that so distinguished a man should rest in a separate enclosure and beneath a proper monument; but his wife had died before him and his children were scattered, and nothing was done until, the attention of Mr. George W. Childs being called to the case, he offered to pay for a lot and a monument. At Mr. Childs's desire, Mr. William J. Bok, with the co-operation of Mr. Proctor's eldest daughter, Miss Mary Proctor, bought a lot at Greenwood, had a monument made and inscribed, and arranged for the removal and reinterment of the body, with proper ceremonies, which took place on Tuesday, October 3d. Thanks to Mr. Childs, Miss Mary Proctor, and Mr. Bok, the lamented astronomer now rests in a grave of his own, which is marked by a handsome monument. Dr. Talmage has pronounced his eulogy, and his monument is inscribed with an epitaph composed by Herbert Spencer. Nothing would seem now to be lacking for his comfortable repose, unless, possibly, to have Mr. Spencer's inscription taken off and rewritten, since, though sound in substance, it is very far from satisfactory in form.

The person who finds mistakes has read the first chapter of the *Prince of India*, and writes from Michigan to a Chicago paper disclosing some errors in English that, he says, have rewarded his search. He finds a "which" which ought to be "that," and oars that knocked against "each other" instead of "one another," and "scarce" that he thinks should be "scarcely," and "plunder" that he condemns as slang, and "leather" that should be "leathern," and an "item" that should be an "article," and divers other words and phrases that should, in his opinion, be something else.

This brother evidently gets his money's worth when he buys a book. One is bound to envy him the satisfaction he will take in passing General Wallace's romance under his microscope, and making marginal emendations from page to page. To critics of his sort language seems not to appeal as a vehicle of thought, but rather as a legitimate and authorized hinderance to expression. To him and his like the rules of grammar are not so much the guide-posts on the road as the hurdles across the track. His interest is less in knowing whither his author is bound, and going with him, than in watching the details of his performance and noting whether he touches the bars as he goes over.

Usually such critics have eyes, but no ears. They do oftentimes detect verbal errors that are blemishes, but they rarely know a sentence that stands on its legs from one that crawls on its stomach. They seldom have much notion of the balance of syllables, or of the choice and arrangement of words. They sometimes know when a sentence is incorrect, but to recognize its merit when it is good is usually beyond them. They have their uses, and all writers should profit when they can by their discoveries, but when they learned grammar and rhetoric they should have learned at the same time that faulty writing may have imperishable qualities, and that writing which is perfectly correct may also be absolutely commonplace. It would be a good exercise for such critics to read the extracts from the writings of Lincoln which are quoted in the *Life of Lincoln* by John T. Morse, and observe how many errors Mr. Morse detects in some of Lincoln's most remarkable deliverances. There are corrections that improve and corrections that detract. Probably Lincoln's speeches and writings would lose nothing if their "woulds" and "shoulds" and "wills" and "shalls" were all straightened out by some judicious hand. But more than one reader has regretted that the writings of Washington have not come down to us (in print) as they were written, and are only accessible to readers as polished and amended by Jared Sparks.

Deprecating the dissatisfaction of some of the Boston papers with the late Mr. Frederick Ames because he left no public bequests, the Boston *Transcript* points out such extenuating circumstances in Mr. Ames's favor as that he gave very freely indeed during his lifetime, and used his great capital in such a way that it kept a great amount of labor usefully employed. But the best excuse for Mr. Ames, if any excuse is needed, was that his death was premature and wholly unexpected. His will was a natural enough will for a man of his age and his habits. It simply contained directions for the distribution of the income of his estate among his family as his children came to a proper age. If he had intended to leave bequests he might reasonably have put off indicating them until later. A man who is in the habit of giving very large sums from year to year would naturally want to consider what sums, and to what uses he had already given, before arranging his final bequests. To have had to overhaul his will every time he gave away a hundred thousand dollars would have put Mr. Ames to continual trouble and legal expense. He had promised, for example, a very large sum to Harvard College, but died before the gift was complete. Probably he would have provided for it in his will if he had anticipated the need of doing so, but probably also he preferred to defer his final testamentary settlement with Harvard College until he could form a better notion of how his running account with that institution was going to stand. Viewed in the light of his habits, Mr. Ames's will seems the testament of a man who expected to give largely as long as he lived, and possibly of one to whom the wise and liberal distribution of funds was a privilege so highly appreciated that he desired that his children too should enjoy it in large measure after he had finished.

In a contemporary magazine article about "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," Mr. Howells discusses for one thing the power of newspapers to make or mar an author. He questions whether they avail much to do either, and is pretty sure at least that they cannot unmake him after he is once made. Mr. Howells ought certainly to know, as, indeed, he himself suggests when he tells of how a writer who once possessed the favor of the press may be denounced by it for five or six years with unanimity and incisive vigor, and still survive, and even live to see the clamor die away, and himself return in a measure to the old kindness.

Mr. Howells has been one of the best-scolded men of his time, but it has often seemed a pretty question whether he was being thumped for sentiments that he had really expressed, or for those that had been forced upon him. The other day, in the article mentioned above, he said that he did not think a man ought to live by an art, or take money for a statue, a poem, or a picture. It is amusing to find a Western newspaper pointing out to him the absurd position in which he puts himself by such a remark, quite oblivious to his qualifying admission, a little further on, that "as yet there is no means of the artist's living otherwise and continuing an artist." The secret of very much of the newspaper objurgation that Mr. Howells has enjoyed lies in his sound literary habit of making his more startling remarks or assertions in such phrase that the scissors man is compelled to cut them out and print them, while the qualifying sequence in which he takes it all back never feels the shears, and never reaches the eye of the editor. They don't read whole articles in newspaper offices, but merely paragraphs, and any one who covets a just newspaper rating of his utterances must practice the art of giving full expression to his sentiments all at once.

When Mr. Howells's wish comes true, and writers do not have to live by their art, but are all provided for as they should be, we may get rid of one objectionable practice of story-writers. Is it not true that when the ordinary story-writers have told all the truly pleasant and profitable tales that they know, they are constantly driven, by sheer dearth of wholesome matter and the need of something to sell, to invent disagreeable fictions that do nobody any good and are a sorrow and a hardship to readers? To the author who is writing novels by the day for his support, the obligation to make his stories different becomes paramount over other considerations. When the mind is somewhat fagged, the easiest way to make a new and wholly different tale is to take the last one and locate it in a new place, and make it turn out the other way. Hence the too prevalent practice of authors to alternate their pleasant tales with nightmares of disaster.

E. S. Martin.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Refugees," "The Great Shadow," "Micah Clarke," etc.

THE NAVAL TREATY.

I.

The July which immediately succeeded my marriage was made memorable by three cases of interest in which I had the privilege of being associated with Sherlock Holmes, and of studying his methods. I find them recorded in my notes under the headings of "The Adventure of the Second Stain," "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty," and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain." The first of these, however, deals with interests of such importance and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was engaged has ever illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I still retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to Monsieur Dubugue of the Paris police and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzic, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told. Meanwhile I pass on to the second on my list, which promised also at one time to be of national importance, and was marked by several incidents which give it a quite unique character.

During my school days I had been intimately associated with a lad named Percy Phelps, who was of much the same age as myself, though he was two classes ahead of me. He was a very brilliant boy, and carried away every prize which the school had to offer, finishing his exploits by winning a scholarship which sent him on to continue his triumphant career at Cambridge. He was, I remember, extremely well connected, and even when we were all little boys together we knew that his mother's brother was Lord Holdhurst, the great conservative politician. This gaudy relationship did him little good at school. On the contrary, it seemed rather a piquant thing to us to chevy him about the play-ground and hit him over the shins with a wicket. But it was another thing when he came out into the world. I heard vaguely that his abilities and the influences which he commanded had won him a good position at the Foreign Office, and then he passed completely out of my mind until the following letter recalled his existence:

"Briarbrae, Woking.

"My dear Watson,—I have no doubt that you can remember 'Tadpole' Phelps who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. It is possible even that you may have heard that through my uncle's influence I obtained a good appointment at the Foreign Office, and that I was in a situation of trust and honor until a horrible misfortune came suddenly to blast my career.

"There is no use writing the details of that dreadful event. In the event of your acceding to my request it is probable that I shall have to narrate them to you. I have only just recovered from nine weeks of brain-fever and am still exceedingly weak. Do you think that you could bring your friend Mr. Holmes down to see me? I should like to have his opinion of the case, though the authorities assure me that nothing more can be done. Do try to bring him down, and as soon as possible. Every minute seems an hour while I live in this state of horrible suspense. Assure him that if I have not asked his advice sooner it was not because I did not appreciate his talents, but because I have been off my head ever since the blow fell. Now I am clear again, though I dare not think of it too much for fear of a relapse. I am still so weak that I have to write, as you see, by dictating. Do try to bring him.

"Your old school-fellow,

"Percy Phelps."

There was something that touched me as I read this letter, something pitiable in the reiterated appeals to bring Holmes. So moved was I that even had it been a difficult matter I should have tried it, but of course I knew well that Holmes loved his art so that he was ever as ready to bring his aid as his client could be to receive it. My wife agreed with me that not a moment should be lost in laying the matter before him, and so within an hour of breakfast-time I found myself back once more in the old rooms in Baker Street.

Holmes was seated at his side-table clad in his dressing-gown, and working hard over a chemical investigation. A large curved retort was boiling furiously in the bluish flame of a Bunsen burner, and the distilled drops were condensing into a two-litre measure. My friend hardly glanced up as I entered, and I, seeing that his investigation must be of importance, seated myself in an arm-chair and waited. He dipped into this bottle or that, drawing out a few drops of each with his glass pipette, and finally brought a test-tube containing a solution over to the table. In his right hand he held a slip of litmus paper.

"You come at a crisis, Watson," said he. "If this paper remains blue, all is well. If it turns red, it means a man's life." He dipped it into the test-tube, and it flushed at once into a dull dirty crimson. "Hum! I thought as much!" he cried. "I will be at your service in an instant, Watson. You will find tobacco in the Persian slipper." He turned to his desk and scribbled off several telegrams, which were handed over to the page-boy. Then he threw himself down into the chair opposite, and drew up his knees until his fingers clasped round his long thin shins.

"A very commonplace little murder," said he. "You've got something better, I fancy. You are the stormy petrel of crime, Watson. What is it?"

I handed him the letter, which he read with the most concentrated attention.

"It does not tell us very much, does it?" he remarked, as he handed it back to me.

"Hardly anything."

"And yet the writing is of interest."

"But the writing is not his own."

"Precisely. It is a woman's."

"A man's surely," I cried.

"No, a woman's, and a woman of rare character. You see, at the commencement of an investigation it is something to know that your client is in close contact with some one who, for good or evil, has an exceptional nature. My interest is already awakened in the case. If you are ready we will start at once for Woking, and see this diplomatist who is in such evil case, and the lady to whom he dictates his letters."

We were fortunate enough to catch an early train at Waterloo, and in a little under an hour we found ourselves among the fir woods and the heather of Woking. Briarbrae proved to be a large detached house standing in extensive grounds within a few minutes' walk of the station. On sending in our cards we were shown into an elegantly appointed drawing-room, where we were joined in a few minutes by a rather stout man, who received us with much hospitality. His age may have been nearer forty than thirty, but his cheeks were so ruddy and his eyes so merry that he still conveyed the impression of a plump and mischievous boy.

"I am so glad that you have come," said he, shaking our hands with effusion. "Percy has been inquiring for you all morning. Ah, poor old chap, he clings to any straw! His father and his mother asked me to see you, for the mere mention of the subject is very painful to them."

"We have had no details yet," observed Holmes. "I perceive that you are not yourself a member of the family."

Our acquaintance looked surprised, and then glancing down, he began to laugh. "Of course you saw the J. H. monogram on my locket," said he. "For a moment I thought you had done something clever. Joseph Harrison is my name, and as Percy is to marry my sister Annie, I shall at least be a relation by marriage. You will find my sister in his room, for she has nursed him hand and foot this two months back. Perhaps we'd better go in at once, for I know how impatient he is."

The chamber in which we were shown was on the same floor as the drawing-room. It was furnished partly as a sitting and partly as a bed room, with flowers arranged daintily in every nook and corner. A young man, very pale and worn, was lying upon a sofa near the open window, through which came the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air. A woman was sitting beside him, and rose as we entered. "Shall I leave, Percy?" she asked.

He clutched her hand to detain her. "How are you, Watson?" said he, cordially. "I should never have known you under that mustache, and I dare say you would not be prepared to swear to me. This, I presume, is your celebrated friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

I introduced him in a few words, and we both sat down. The stout young man had left us, but his sister still remained with her hand in that of the invalid. She was a striking-looking woman, a little short and thick for symmetry, but with a beautiful olive complexion, large dark Italian eyes, and a wealth of deep black hair. Her rich tints made the white face of her companion the more worn and haggard by the contrast.

"I won't waste your time," said he, raising himself upon the sofa. "I'll plunge into the matter without further preamble. I was a happy and successful man, Mr. Holmes, and on the eve of being married, when a sudden and dreadful misfortune wrecked all my prospects in life.

"I was, as Watson may have told you, in the Foreign Office, and through the influence of my uncle, Lord Holdhurst, I rose rapidly to a responsible position. When my uncle became Foreign Minister in this administration he gave me several missions of trust, and as I always brought them to a successful conclusion, he came at last to have the utmost confidence in my ability and tact.

"Nearly ten weeks ago—to be more accurate, on the 23d of May—he called me into his private room, and after complimenting me on the good work which I had done, he informed me that he had a new commission of trust for me to execute.

"'This,' said he, taking a gray roll of paper from his bu-

reau, 'is the original of that secret treaty between England and Italy of which, I regret to say, some rumors have already got into the public press. It is of enormous importance that nothing further should leak out. The French or Russian embassy would pay an immense sum to learn the contents of these papers. They should not leave my bureau were it not that it is absolutely necessary to have them copied. You have a desk in your office?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then take the treaty and lock it up there. I shall give directions that you may remain behind when the others go, so that you may copy it at your leisure without fear of being overlooked. When you have finished, relock both the original and the draft in the desk, and hand them over to me personally to-morrow morning.'

"I took the papers and—"

"Excuse me an instant," said Holmes. "Were you alone during this conversation?"

"Absolutely."

"In a large room?"

"Thirty feet each way."

"In the centre?"

"Yes, about it."

"And speaking low?"

"My uncle's voice is always remarkably low. I hardly spoke at all."

"Thank you," said Holmes, shutting his eyes; "pray go on."

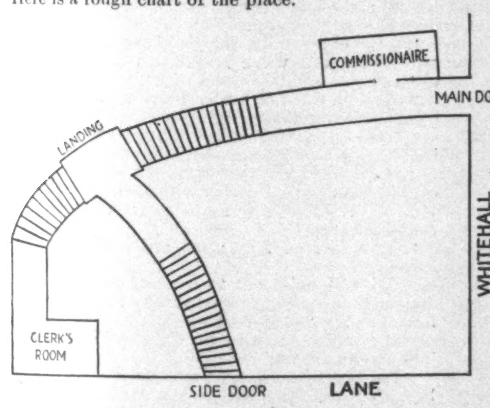
"I did exactly what he indicated, and waited until the other clerks had departed. One of them in my room, Charles Gorot, had some arrears of work to make up, so I left him there and went out to dine. When I returned he was gone. I was anxious to hurry my work, for I knew that Joseph, the Mr. Harrison whom you saw just now, was in town, and that he would travel down to Woking by the eleven-o'clock train, and I wanted, if possible, to catch it.

"When I came to examine the treaty I saw at once that it was of such importance that my uncle had been guilty of no exaggeration in what he had said. Without going into details, I may say that it defined the position of Great Britain towards the Triple Alliance, and foreshadowed the policy which this country would pursue in the event of the French fleet gaining a complete ascendency over that of Italy in the Mediterranean. The questions treated in it were purely naval. At the end were the signatures of the high dignitaries who had signed it. I glanced my eyes over it, and then settled down to my task of copying.

"It was a long document, written in the French language, and containing twenty-six separate articles. I copied as quickly as I could, but at nine o'clock I had only done nine articles, and it seemed hopeless for me to attempt to catch my train. I was feeling drowsy and stupid, partly from my dinner and also from the effects of a long day's work. A cup of coffee would clear my brain. A commissionnaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and is in the habit of making coffee at his spirit-lamp for any of the officials who may be working overtime. I rang the bell, therefore, to summon him.

"To my surprise it was a woman who answered the summons—a large, coarse-faced, elderly woman in an apron. She explained that she was the commissionnaire's wife, who did the charing, and I gave her the order for the coffee.

"I wrote two more articles, and then, feeling more drowsy than ever, I rose and walked up and down the room to stretch my legs. My coffee had not yet come, and I wondered what the cause of the delay could be. Opening the door, I started down the corridor to find out. There was a straight passage dimly lighted, which led from the room in which I had been working, and was the only exit from it. It ended in a curving staircase, with the commissionnaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Half-way down this staircase is a small landing, with another passage running into it at right angles. This second one leads, by means of a second small stair, to a side door used by servants, and also as a short-cut by clerks when coming from Charles Street. Here is a rough chart of the place."



"Thank you. I think that I quite follow you," said Sherlock Holmes.

"It is of the utmost importance that you should notice this point. I went down the stairs and into the hall, where I found the commissionnaire fast asleep in his box, with the kettle boiling furiously upon the spirit-lamp. I took off the kettle and blew out the lamp, for the water was spurting over the floor. Then I put out my hand and was about to shake the man, who was still sleeping soundly, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he woke with a start.

"'Mr. Phelps, sir!' said he, looking at me in bewilderment.

"'I came down to see if my coffee was ready.'

"'I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir.' He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell, with an ever-growing astonishment upon his face.

"'If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?' he asked.

"'The bell!' I cried. 'What bell is it?'

"'It's the bell of the room you were working in.'

"A cold hand seemed to close round my heart. Some one, then, was in that room where my precious treaty lay upon the table. I ran frantically up the stair and along the passage. There was no one in the corridors, Mr. Holmes. There was no one in the room. All was exactly as I left it, save only that the papers which had been committed to my care had been taken from the desk on which they lay. The copy was there and the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that the problem was entirely to his heart. "Pray what did you do then?" he murmured.

"I recognized in an instant that the thief must have come up the stair from the side door. Of course I must have met him if he had come the other way."

"You were satisfied that he could not have been concealed in the room all the time, or in the corridor which you have just described as dimly lighted?"

"It is absolutely impossible. A rat could not conceal himself either in the room or the corridor. There is no cover at all."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"The commissionnaire, seeing by my pale face that something was to be feared, had followed me up stairs. Now we both rushed along the corridor and down the steep steps which led to Charles Street. The door at the bottom was closed, but unlocked. We flung it open and rushed out. I can distinctly remember that as we did so there came three chimes from a neighboring clock. It was a quarter to ten."

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt cuff.

"The night was very dark and a thin warm rain was falling. There was no one in Charles Street, but a great traffic was going on, as usual, in Whitehall at the extremity. We rushed along the pavement, bareheaded as we were, and at the far corner we found a policeman standing.

"'A robbery has been committed,' I gasped. 'A document of immense value has been stolen from the Foreign Office. Has any one passed this way?'

"'I have been standing here for a quarter of an hour, sir,' said he; 'only one person has passed during that time—a woman, tall and elderly, with a Paisley shawl.'

"'Ah, that is only my wife!' cried the commissionnaire. 'Has no one else passed?'

"'No one.'

"'Then it must be the other way that the thief took,' cried the fellow, tugging at my sleeve.

"But I was not satisfied, and the attempts which he made to draw me away increased my suspicions.

"'Which way did the woman go?' I cried.

"'I don't know, sir. I noticed her pass, but I had no special reason for watching her. She seemed to be in a hurry.'

"'How long ago was it?'

"'Oh, not very many minutes.'

"'Within the last five?'

"'Well, it could not be more than five.'

"'You're only wasting your time, sir, and every minute now is of importance,' cried the commissionnaire. 'Take my word for it that my old woman has nothing to do with it, and come down to the other end of the street. Well, if you won't, I will.' And with that he rushed off in the other direction.

"But I was after him in an instant, and caught him by the sleeve.

"'Where do you live?' said I.

"'Sixteen Ivy Lane, Brixton,' he answered. 'But don't let yourself be drawn away upon a false scent, Mr. Phelps. Come to the other end of the street, and let us see if we can hear of anything.'

"Nothing was to be lost by following his advice. With the policeman we both hurried down, but only to find the street full of traffic, many people coming and going, but all only too eager to get to a place of safety upon so wet a night. There was no lounger who could tell us who had passed.

"Then we returned to the office, and searched the stairs and the passage without result. The corridor which led to the room was laid down with a kind of creamy linoleum, which shows an impression very easily. We examined it very carefully, but found no outline of any footmark."

"Had it been raining all evening?"

"Since about seven."

"How is it, then, that the woman who came into the room about nine left no traces with her muddy boots?"

"I am glad you raised the point. It occurred to me at the time. The charwomen are in the habit of taking off their boots at the commissionnaire's office, and putting on list slippers."

"That is very clear. There were no marks, then, though the night was a wet one. The chain of events is certainly one of extraordinary interest. What did you do next?"

"We examined the room also. There is no possibility of a secret door, and the windows are quite thirty feet from the ground. Both of them were fastened on the inside. The carpet prevents any possibility of a trap-door, and the ceiling is of the ordinary whitewashed kind. I will pledge my life that whoever stole my papers could only have come through the door."

"How about the fireplace?"

"They use none. There is a stove. The bell-rope hangs from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rang it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell? It is a most insoluble mystery."

"Certainly the incident was unusual. What were your next steps? You examined the room, I presume, to see if the intruder had left any traces—any cigar end, or dropped glove or hair-pin or other trifle?"

"There was nothing of the sort."

"No smell?"

"Well, we never thought of that."

"Ah, a scent of tobacco would have been worth a great deal to us in such an investigation."

"I never smoke myself, so I think I should have observed it if there had been any smell of tobacco. There was absolutely no clew of any kind. The only tangible fact was that the commissionnaire's wife—Mrs. Tangey was the name—had hurried out of the place. He could give no explanation, save that it was about the time when the woman always went home. The policeman and I agreed that our best plan would be to seize the woman before she could get rid of the papers, presuming that she had them.

"The alarm had reached Scotland Yard by this time, and Mr. Forbes the detective came round at once and took up the case with a great deal of energy. We hired a hansom, and in half an hour we were at the address which had been given to us. A young woman opened the door who proved to be Mrs. Tangey's eldest daughter. Her mother had not come back yet, and we were shown into the front room to wait.

"About ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and here we made the one serious mistake for which I blame myself. Instead of opening the door ourselves we allowed the girl to do so. We heard her say, 'Mother, there are two men in the house waiting to see you,' and an instant afterwards we heard the patter of feet rushing down the passage. Forbes flung open the door, and we both ran into the back room or kitchen, but the woman had got there before us. She stared at us with defiant eyes, and then, suddenly recognizing me, an expression of absolute astonishment came over her face.

"'Why, if it isn't Mr. Phelps of the office!' she cried.

"'Come, come, who did you think we were when you ran away from us?' asked my companion.

"'I thought you were the brokers,' said she; 'we have had some trouble with a tradesman.'

"'That's not quite good enough,' answered Forbes. 'We have reason to believe that you have taken a paper of importance from the Foreign Office, and that you ran in here to dispose of it. You must come back with us to Scotland Yard to be searched.'

"It was in vain that she protested and resisted. A four-wheeler was brought and we all three drove back in it. We had first made an examination of the kitchen, and especially of the kitchen fire, to see whether she might have made away with the papers during the instant that she was alone. There were no signs, however, of any ashes or scraps. When we reached Scotland Yard she was handed over at once to the female searcher. I waited in an agony of suspense until she came back with her report. There were no signs of the papers.

"Then, for the first time, the horror of my situation came in its full force. Hitherto I had been acting, and action had numbed thought. I had been so confident of regaining the treaty at once that I had not dared to think of what would be the consequence if I failed to do so. But now there was nothing more to be done, and I had leisure to realize my position. It was horrible. Watson there would tell you that I was a nervous, sensitive boy at school. It is my nature. I thought of my uncle and of his colleagues in the cabinet, of the shame which I had brought upon him, upon myself, upon every one connected with me. What though I was the victim of an extraordinary accident? No allowance is made for accidents where diplomatic interests are at stake. I was ruined—shamefully, hopelessly ruined. I don't know what I did. I fancy I must have made a scene. I have a dim recollection of a group of officials who crowded round me endeavoring to soothe me. One of them drove down with me to Waterloo, and saw me into the Woking train. I believe that he would have come all the way had it not been that Dr. Ferrier, who lives near me, was going down by that very train. The doctor most kindly took charge of me, and it was well he did so, for I had a fit in the station, and before we reached home I was practically a raving maniac.

"You can imagine the state of things here when they were roused from their beds by the doctor's ringing, and found me in this condition. Poor Annie here and my mother were broken-hearted. Dr. Ferrier had just heard enough from the detective at the station to be able to give an idea of what had happened, and his story did not mend matters. It was evident to all that I was in for a long illness, so Joseph was bundled out of this cheery bedroom, and it was turned into a sick-room for me. Here I have lain, Mr. Holmes, for over nine weeks, unconscious, and raving with brain-fever. If it had not been for Miss Harrison here, and for the doctor's care, I should not be speaking to you now. She has nursed me by day, and a hired nurse has looked after me by night, for in my mad fits I was capable of anything. Slowly my reason has cleared, but it is only during the last three days that my memory has quite returned. Sometimes I wish that it never had. The first thing that I did was to wire to Mr. Forbes, who had the case in hand. He came out, and assures me that though everything has been done no trace of a clew has been discovered. The commissionnaire and his wife have been examined in every way without any light being thrown upon the matter. The suspicions of the police then rested upon young Gorot, who, as you may remember, staid over time in the office that night. His remaining behind and his French name were really the only two points which could suggest suspicion, but as a matter of fact I did not begin work until he had gone, and his people are of Huguenot extraction, but as English in sympathy and tradition as you and I are. Nothing was found to implicate him in any way, and there the matter dropped. I turn to you, Mr. Holmes, as absolutely my last hope. If you fail me, then my honor as well as my position are forever forfeited."

The invalid sank back upon his cushions, tired out by this long recital, while his nurse poured him out a glass of some stimulating medicine. Holmes sat silently with his head thrown back and his eyes closed, in an attitude which might seem listless to a stranger, but which I knew betokened the most intense self-absorption.

"Your statement has been so explicit," said he at last, "that you have really left me very few questions to ask. There is one of the very utmost importance, however. Did you tell any one that you had this special task to perform?"

"No one."

"Not Miss Harrison here, for example?"

"No. I had not been back to Woking between getting the order and executing the commission."

"And none of your people had by chance been to see you?"

"None."

"Did any of them know their way about in the office?"

"Oh yes; all of them had been shown over it."

"Still, of course, if you said nothing to any one about the treaty these inquiries are irrelevant."

"I said nothing."

"Do you know anything of the commissionnaire?"

"Nothing except that he is an old soldier."

"What regiment?"

"Oh, I have heard—Coldstream Guards."

"Thank you. I have no doubt I can get details from Forbes. The authorities are excellent at amassing facts, though they do not always use them to advantage. What a lovely thing a rose is!"

He walked past the couch to the open window, and held up the drooping stalk of a moss-rose, looking down at the dainty blend of crimson and green. It was a new phase of his character to me, for I had never before seen him show any keen interest in natural objects.

"There is nothing in which deduction is so necessary as in religion," said he, leaning with his back against the shutters. "It can be built up as an exact science by the reasoner. Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers. All other things, our powers, our desires, our food, are all really necessary for our existence in the first instance. But this rose is an extra. Its smell and its color are an embellishment of life, not a condition of it. It is only goodness which gives extras, and so, I say again, that we have much to hope from the flowers."

Percy Phelps and his nurse looked at Holmes during this demonstration with surprise and a good deal of disappointment written upon their faces. He had fallen into a reverie with the moss-rose between his fingers. It had lasted some minutes before the young lady broke in upon it.

"Do you see any prospect of solving this mystery, Mr. Holmes?" she asked, with a touch of asperity in her voice.

"Oh, the mystery!" he answered, coming back with a start to the realities of life. "Well, it would be absurd to deny that the case is a very abstruse and complicated one, but I can promise you that I will look into the matter and let you know any points which may strike me."

"Do you see any clew?"

"You have furnished me with seven, but of course I must test them before I can pronounce upon their value."

"You suspect some one?"

"I suspect myself—"

"What!"

"Of coming to conclusions too rapidly."

"Then go to London and test your conclusions."

"Your advice is very excellent, Miss Harrison," said Holmes, rising. "I think, Watson, we cannot do better. Do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, Mr. Phelps. The affair is a very tangled one."

"I shall be in a fever until I see you again," cried the diplomatist.

"Well, I'll come out by the same train to-morrow, though it's more than likely that my report will be a negative one."

"God bless you for promising to come!" cried our client. "It gives me fresh life to know that something is being done. By-the-way, I have had a letter from Lord Holdhurst."

"Ha! what did he say?"

"He was cold, but not harsh. I dare say my severe illness prevented him from being that. He repeated that the matter was of the utmost importance, and added that no steps would be taken about my future—by which he means of course my dismissal—until my health was restored and I had an opportunity of repairing my misfortune."

"Well, that was reasonable and considerate," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, for we have a good day's work before us in town."

Mr. Joseph Harrison drove us down to the station, and we were soon whirling up in a Portsmouth train. Holmes was sunk in profound thought, and hardly opened his mouth until we had passed Clapham Junction.

"It's a very cheery thing to come into London by any of these lines which run high and allow you to look down upon the houses like this."

I thought he was joking, for the view was sordid enough, but he soon explained himself.

"Look at those big isolated clumps of building rising up above the slates, like brick islands in a lead-colored sea."

"The board schools."

"Light-houses, my boy! Beacons of the future! Capsules with hundreds of bright little seeds in each, out of which will spring the wiser, better England of the future. I suppose that man Phelps does not drink?"

"I should not think so."

"Nor should I, but we are bound to take every possibility into account. The poor devil has certainly got himself into very deep water, and it's a question whether we shall ever be able to get him ashore. What did you think of Miss Harrison?"

"A girl of strong character."

"Yes; but she is a good sort, or I am mistaken. She and her brother are the only children of an iron-master somewhere up Northumberland way. He got engaged to her when travelling last winter, and she came down to be introduced to his people, with her brother as escort. Then came the smash, and she staid on to nurse her lover, while brother Joseph, finding himself pretty snug, staid on too. I've been making a few independent inquiries, you see. But to-day must be a day of inquiries."

"My practice—" I began.

"Oh, if you find your own cases more interesting than mine—" said Holmes, with some asperity.

"I was going to say that my practice could get along very well for a day or two, since it is the slackest time in the year."

"Excellent," said he, recovering his good-humor. "Then we'll look into this matter together. I think that we should begin by seeing Forbes. He can probably tell us all the details we want until we know from what side the case is to be approached."

"You said you had a clew?"

"Well, we have several, but we can only test their value by further inquiry. The most difficult crime to track is the one which is purposeless. Now this is not purposeless. Who is it who profits by it? There is the French ambassador, there is the Russian, there is whoever might sell it to either of these, and there is Lord Holdhurst."

"Lord Holdhurst!"

"Well, it is just conceivable that a statesman might find himself in a position where he was not sorry to have such a document accidentally destroyed."

"Not a statesman with the honorable record of Lord Holdhurst."

"It is a possibility, and we cannot afford to disregard it. We shall see the noble lord to-day, and find out if he can tell us anything. Meanwhile I have already set inquiries on foot."

"Already?"

"Yes; I sent wires from Woking station to every evening paper in London. This advertisement will appear in each of them."

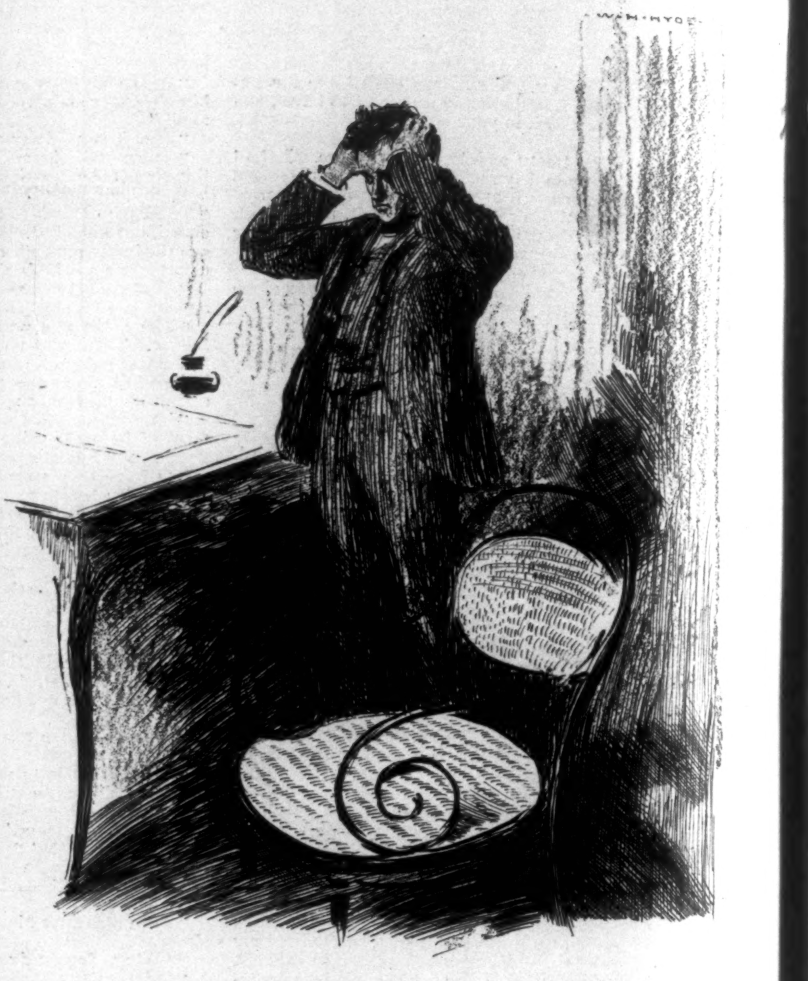
He handed over a sheet torn from a note-book. On it was scribbled in pencil: "£10 reward. The number of the cab which dropped a fare at or about the door of the Foreign Office in Charles Street at quarter to ten in the evening of May 23d. Apply 221B Baker Street."

"You are confident that the thief came in a cab?"

"If not, there is no harm done. But if Mr. Phelps is correct in stating that there is no hiding-place either in the room or the corridors, then the person must have come from outside. If he came from outside on so wet a night and yet left no trace of damp upon the linoleum, which was examined within a few minutes of his passing, then it is exceedingly probable that he came in a cab. Yes, I think that we may safely deduce a cab."

"It sounds plausible."

"That is one of the clews of which I spoke. It may lead us to something. And then, of course, there is the bell, which is the most distinctive feature of the case. Why should the bell ring? Was it the thief who did it out of bravado? Or was it some one who was with the thief, who did it in order to prevent the crime? Or was it an accident? Or was it—?" he sank back into the state of intense and silent thought from which he had emerged, but it seemed to me, accustomed as I was to his every mood, that some new possibility had dawned suddenly upon him.



"THE PAPERS HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM THE DESK."

It was twenty past three when we reached our terminus, and after a hasty luncheon at the buffet we pushed on at once to Scotland Yard. Holmes had already wired to Forbes, and we found him waiting to receive us—a small foxy man with a sharp but by no means amiable expression. He was decidedly frigid in his manner to us, especially when he heard the errand upon which we had come.

"I've heard of your methods before now, Mr. Holmes," said he, tartly. "You are ready enough to use all the information that the police can lay at your disposal, and then you try to finish the case yourself and bring discredit on them."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "out of my last fifty-three cases my name has only appeared in four, and the police have had all the credit in forty-nine. I don't blame you for not knowing this, for you are young and inexperienced, but if you wish to get on in your new duties you will work with me and not against me."

"I'd be very glad of a hint or two," said the detective, changing his manner. "I've certainly had no credit from the case so far."

"What steps have you taken?"

"Tangey the commissionaire has been shadowed. He left the Guards with a good character, and we can find nothing against him. His wife is a bad lot, though. I fancy she knows more about this than appears."

"Have you shadowed her?"

"We have set one of our women on to her. Mrs. Tangey drinks, and our woman has been with her twice when she was well on, but she could get nothing out of her."

"I understand that they have had brokers in the house."

"Yes, but they were paid off."

"Where did the money come from?"

"That was all right. His pension was due. They have not shown any sign of being in funds."

"What explanation did she give of having answered the bell when Mr. Phelps rang for the coffee?"

"She said that her husband was very tired and she wished to relieve him."

"Well, certainly, that would agree with his being found a little later asleep in his chair. There is nothing against them, then, but the woman's character. Did you ask her why she hurried away that night? Her haste attracted the attention of the police constable."

"She was later than usual, and wanted to get home."

"Did you point out to her that you and Mr. Phelps, who started at least twenty minutes after her, got home before her?"

"She explains that by the difference between a 'bus and a hansom."

"Did she make it clear why, on reaching her house, she ran into the back kitchen?"

"Because she had the money there with which to pay off the brokers."

"She has at least an answer for everything. Did you ask her whether in leaving she met any one or saw any one loitering about Charles Street?"

"She saw no one but the constable."

"Well, you seem to have cross-examined her pretty thoroughly. What else have you done?"

"The clerk Gorot has been shadowed all these nine weeks, but without result. We can show nothing against him."

"Anything else?"

"Well, we have nothing else to go upon—no evidence of any kind."

"Have you formed any theory about how that bell rang?"

"Well, I must confess that it beats me. It was a cool hand, whoever it was, to go and give the alarm like that."

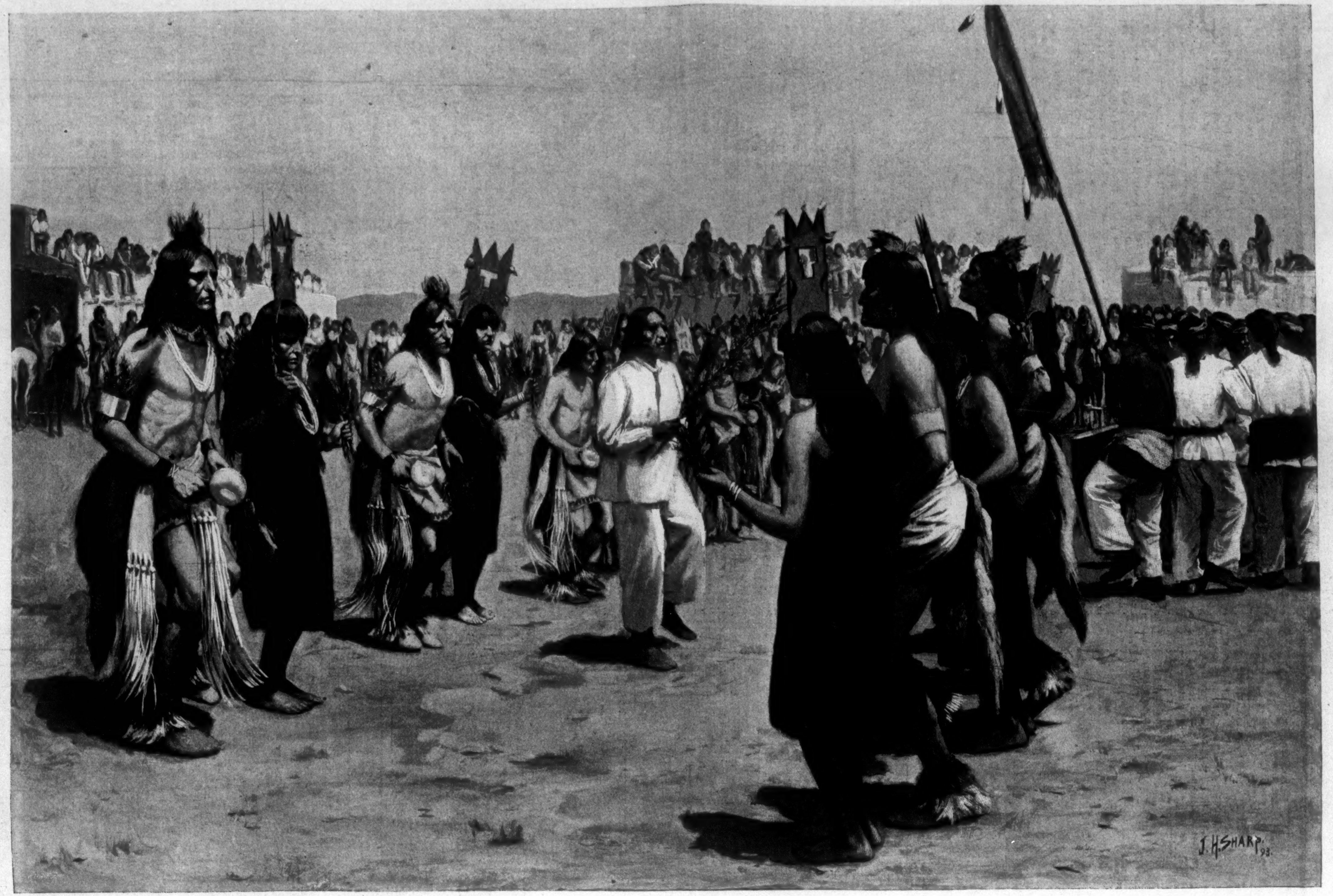
"Yes, it was a queer thing to do. Many thanks to you for what you have told me. If I can put the man into your hands you shall hear from me. Come along, Watson."

"Where are we going to now?" I asked as we left the office.

"We are now going to interview Lord Holdhurst, the cabinet minister and future Premier of England."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A YOUNG MAN VERY PALE AND WORN."



THE HARVEST DANCE OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.—DRAWN BY J. H. SHARP.—[SEE PAGE 982.]

THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE—1793-1893.

In his inaugural address, delivered in 1836, Dr. Hopkins expressed his purpose to secure in the student life at Williams College "health, cheerful study, kind feelings, and pure morals." These words were significant of the large and wholesome nature of the great teacher, and have become descriptive of the institution upon which he has left so lasting an impression of himself. Every college creates its own type, as every community of students makes its own atmosphere, and Williams stands in a peculiar sense for vigorous and effective manhood. It has always been a college of faith and action; its graduates have rarely asked whether life is worth living; they have given themselves, body and soul, to the doing of the work of the day. From the beginning of its history it has trained men for the highest work of scholarship, but it has sent out in still greater numbers men who have dealt hand to hand with evil conditions the world over, and have made every ounce of educational power tell for the betterment of their kind.

This underlying earnestness has not, however, developed rigidity of temper or narrowness of spirit; on the contrary, the college has been notable not only for breadth and progressiveness, but for a certain geniality and sanity of mood which have kept it in touch with that larger ideal of life which is the finest result of modern thought. A visitor who saw Williamstown for the first time one golden afternoon last month came away with two vivid impressions, conveyed by the vision of the hills and by a chance visit to the college library, where he fell into the hands of the most genial and hospitable of librarians. He was struck by the surpassing loveliness of the scenery, and by the delightful atmosphere of the college. The valley, the hills, and the sky are a part of the curriculum of the college; and no student, however dull of perception, escapes their constant but unintrusive influence. The charm of the Berkshire country has been loudly exploited of late years, but it can never be described; it must come as the changes of the seasons come, silently distilled into the imagination and the memory. The spell of the shadows of the summer clouds on the summer hills lies forever on the Williams graduate, and calls him back to his Alma Mater long after he has forgotten the tones of the chapel bell. Nor has human coöperation with nature in the making of the town and the housing of the college proved ineffective. It is not too much to say that there is no more beautiful village in the country than Williamstown, preserving as it does the old-time New England verdure and ripeness with the new-time taste and generosity in college structure and domestic architecture. If the ancient beauty of Oxford does not dwell in the century-old town, there is a growing harmony of foliage and stone wall, a yearly maturing of turf and vine, which go far to give the place academic dignity and charm.

If one steps into the library, as did this enthusiastic visitor, he finds himself in a building of no great size, but of typical adjustment to modern needs and of typical attractiveness. Here is a place of study which fairly solicits the student to avail himself of the best society in the world. Not only are the books brought together, but they are held out to him with an open fire to tempt him, an easy-chair to entice him, a charming room to do honor to his author and himself. The cold atmosphere of the conventional library has given place to a genial and homelike atmosphere, in which a man comes to his book not as to a task, but as to a bit of pleasure. There is, in this care for the body, the eye, and the hand, a perception of that wholeness of the human being which the old-time college had not learned to recognize; and this genial aspect of books that once reposed on dusty shelves, in a frigid air, is typical of the life of the student community at Williams.

The curriculum grows constantly more inclusive, and the standards of work are steadily advanced, but the work is done under better conditions. There is as much strenuousness of purpose as of old, but there is greater ease of mood and a wider range of resources. Manliness counts for as much, now that recreation is recognized, as in the old days, when no part of the student but his mind was officially taken into account. The man who goes out to-day to persuade semi-savages to more wholesome habits of life, or who undertakes any of the numberless tasks of heroic magnitude and self-sacrifice which invite young men, is the more useful because he goes out of the amplest and richest life. Add to a steadfast purpose not only a trained mind but a cultivated nature, sensitive to beauty in every form, and enriched by contact with the best civilization offers in the way of social development, and you secure a man whose sacrifice has not only the Puritan integrity, but more than the Puritan measure of surrender. The enlargement of the resources of life, which has become so notable a feature of the history of the last half-century in this country, is reflected in all our colleges, and is revealed in Williamstown in the happy combination of hard work with easeful conditions and a peculiarly genial and wholesome student life. Well-equipped dormitories, impressive to the eye, and planned to secure the largest quantity of air and light and the amplest space, with perfect sanitation, record the official recognition of the needs of the undergraduate, while half a score society houses, in all cases handsomely and in some cases even luxuriously appointed, attest the undergraduates' appreciation of healthful and attractive surroundings.

These several strains of moral purpose, self-sacrifice, sanity of temper, and a disposition to understand and cultivate whatever is beautiful in nature and life, are discoverable in the earliest history of the college. No institution has a better heritage of aim and character than that which commemorates the generosity and heroism of Ephraim Williams, the Puritan soldier, who fell on the shores of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755, at the moment when he was rallying his command, suddenly attacked by a combined force of French and Indians. The great-grandson of a Norfolk Puritan, who came to the colony of Massachusetts Bay at an early period of its perilous and strenuous career, Ephraim Williams was born into the best traditions and surroundings of colonial life. He was of an ardent temperament and an adventurous spirit, and he added to the education of the schools of his day the larger education of extensive travel and a familiarity with other countries very uncommon among his contemporaries. The world-wide struggle for supremacy between England and France began shortly after his return to his home in the Housatonic Valley, and his experience and ability at once brought him to the front. In the war which not only settled the question of race supremacy on this continent, but also trained the colonists for the greater struggle for independence, Ephraim Williams displayed the many-sided ability of a trained man and the heroic temper of a noble ancestry.

The marble obelisk on the southern shore of Lake George is not the real memorial of his devotion, nor was his service as a soldier the measure of that devotion. Two months before his death he had executed a will which contained these words:

> "It is my will and pleasure that all of the residue of my real estate, not otherwise disposed of, be sold by my executors, or the survivor of them, within five years after an established peace (which a good God soon grant!) according to their discretion, and that the same be put out at interest on good security, and that the interest money yearly arising therefrom....be improved for the support and maintenance of a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts forever, provided....the Governor and the Assembly shall incorporate the same into a town by the name of Williamstown."

It was not until thirty years later, when Massachusetts had become a State and the struggling colonies a nation, that Colonel Williams's generous purpose was carried into effect by an act of the Legislature incorporating nine gentlemen as "trustees of the donation of Ephraim Williams for maintaining a free school in Williamstown." In the large thought of the first trustees, a majority of whom were college graduates, the free school was rapidly expanded into the college. They set about raising additional money, they declared that the new institution should be free to the "free citizens of the American States," and they laid the foundations of the substantial building now known as West College. Completed in 1790, this nobly placed structure was opened in October of the year following as a grammar-school, with the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, a graduate of Yale, as principal, and Mr. John Lester as assistant. There was no institution of the kind between Dartmouth at the North and Yale at the South, and students came in such numbers that the success of the school was assured at the start. A year later, in 1792, the Legislature incorporated Williams College with a board of twelve trustees, and made a grant of money for the purchase of books and apparatus. Mr. Fitch was elected president of the new college, and it is now recalled as a significant fact that candidates for admission were permitted to substitute French for Greek in the preliminary examination. The first class graduated in 1793; and the first catalogue, issued in 1795, contains the names of seventy-seven students.

In 1797, the State having made a further grant to the growing institution, East College was built. Dr. Fitch was a man of force and resource, and the twenty-one years of his administration were prosperous. After his resignation, in 1815, the Rev. Dr. Moore was chosen as his successor.

In the mean time the remoteness of Williamstown from the centres of population, and the difficulty of access to the Berkshire valley in those stage-coach days, raised the question of the advisability of removing the college to some more accessible point. The discussion was prolonged, and, for the time, affected the prosperity of the institution, the number of students being much diminished. The trustees decided against removal; but Dr. Moore, the president, so strongly favored it that he finally resigned, and taking a handful of students with him, became the first president of Amherst College.

At this critical moment in its history Williams was fortunate in securing as its head the Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, to whose energy and skill the rapid recuperation of the college was largely due. Inaugurated in 1821, his vigorous administration instantly restored confidence, and a large increase of funds bore witness to the quickened faith of the friends of the institution.

After fifteen years of arduous service, Dr. Griffin gave place, in 1836, to Dr. Mark Hopkins, who had graduated twelve years before, and for six years had filled the chair of rhetoric and philosophy with steadily increasing power and influence. The winning personality, the rare teaching faculty, and the commanding ability of Dr. Hopkins not only brought him into great prominence, but rapidly gave the college a national reputation. Students came to it from all parts of the country, attracted by the fame of the teacher whose method was so individual and whose power of awakening thought was so notable. The years of Dr. Hopkins's administration were years of steady growth, witnessed not only by increased endowments and additional buildings, but still more by the success of the college in imparting to its students a peculiar vigor of mind and soul. There was the danger which always comes to an institution from the presence of a commanding personality; but, on the other hand, there was the immense gain of a steady emphasis on the impartation of spiritual and intellectual impulse as the highest function of a college. The loyalty of his pupils was one of Dr. Hopkins's great rewards, and probably no American teacher has ever been more widely loved and revered. When, in his old age, he stood in the White House beside one of his former students, recently become Chief Magistrate of the nation, General Garfield voiced the feeling when he gracefully transferred to the venerable teacher the title of The President.

Retiring from the exacting duties of administration in his seventieth year, Dr. Hopkins was followed in the presidency by Dr. Chadbourne, who brought to the executive charge of the college a long and varied experience as a teacher, notable versatility, and restless energy. Upon his retirement in 1881, Dr. Franklin Carter, a graduate of the college of distinguished scholarship, was chosen as his successor. The twelve years of his administration have been, in many respects, the most prosperous in the history of the college. The endowment of the institution has been greatly increased, fine buildings have multiplied, additional courses have been opened in many departments, and the faculty has been enlarged and strengthened. These external evidences of growth are not, however, the highest fruits of Dr. Carter's service; these are to be sought in the high ideals of work, the thoroughness of method, and the genuine spirit of scholarship which he has steadily fostered. No man ever brought to such a position a more exacting ideal of his own service, and few men have been so loyal to such an ideal. A man of great sensitiveness, of delicate breeding, of scholarly tastes, Dr. Carter has made the years of his administration memorable by reason of lasting prosperity, secured without recourse to those methods of exploitation which have brought some college heads into perilous competition with the venders of proprietary medicines.

It will be seen from this hurried glance at the history of the college that self-sacrifice, underlying earnestness, and a certain robust manliness could hardly fail to become characteristic of its life and of the lives of its graduates, while the spell of natural beauty by which student life is encompassed could not fail to bear its fruit in the training of the imagination. A fine strain of idealism has run through the college life, manifested not in the form of art, but of a faith in God and man powerful enough to call out the most tireless service. It was during a sudden storm in the summer of 1806 that five students found shelter under a hay-stack in what is now Mission Park, and in informal but solemn conference gave this country a missionary impulse which is still unspent. From the time of its founder to that of the noble-hearted General Armstrong, the graduates of the college have been first and foremost in those fields which call for heroic faith, and recompense it with heroic toil. If the institution has lacked at times the material apparatus of the most advanced education, it has found compensation in the personal force of its teachers and in the strong individuality developed among its students. It has given to scholarship such men as Professor W. D. Whitney and Dr. G. Stanley Hall; to the science of political economy, David A. Wells and Arthur L. Perry; to sociology, John Bascom and S. W. Dike; to law and legal reform, David Dudley Field, Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, and a host of judges and lawyers of distinction; to letters it gave William Cullen Bryant, and of late years a number of its younger graduates are showing literary ability of a promising kind; in the pulpit it has had many and eloquent voices; to statesmanship it has made generous offerings, but none of its graduates in this field is so honored by the love of his country as President Garfield; to education it has given from the beginning great numbers of its most promising men, and such educational leaders as Dr. Hall of Clark University, Chancellor Canfield of the University of Nebraska, Dean Griffin of the Johns Hopkins, and Dean Judson of the University of Chicago fairly represent its power of training teachers. To journalism it has given Mr. Alden, of Harper's Magazine; Mr. Scudder, of the *Atlantic Monthly*; Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*; Dr. Stoddard, of the *Observer*. The guests of the college who take part in its centennial exercises on October 8th, 9th, and 10th will find many evidences of a prosperous and charming academic life at Williamstown; but they will not discover the sources of the influence of Williams College in its surroundings or in its buildings; those sources are hidden in its historic life, its historic men, and its loyalty to ideals, which have found constant illustration in the lives of its children.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE PUEBLO INDIAN DANCE.

The religious festivities of the Pueblos of New Mexico are a singular mingling of their ancient rites with the forms of Christianity, and consist of dances accompanied by weird music and rhythmic chanting.

All the Pueblos hold religious dances during the summer months. The dances are similar in form though varied in meaning, such as the "Antelope Dance," "Buffalo Dance," "Corn Dance," etc.

The illustration on page 981 represents the Corn or Harvest Dance, in which the Divine blessing is invoked for favorable weather and abundant crops.

For a couple of days before the dance I had noted busy preparations for the coming feast. The men butchered the pick of the flocks, while the women ground corn and made the bread into various and symbolic forms. They bathed and primped themselves in the flowing Rio Grande near by, and with a preparation of yucca root or soapweed they groomed their hair until it glistened like the raven's plumage with purple-blue lights.

On the day appointed, after some hours of waiting, the booming of guns directed our attention to the church-yard, where a short service was held, and all passed in review and made obeisance to the image of a saint that was embowered in evergreens. The firing of guns before and during the religious service is a custom they have to frighten the devil away—a rather clever ruse to get the Indian to attend church.

They marched gravely to the plaza, and at the thump of the barrel-like drum began the dance at once.

The procession moves around the plaza in double column, the men stamping and working hard, the women tripping lightly, their bodies constantly swaying in graceful sinuous motion. The lieutenant waves his branch wand, and like magic they break into various movements and countermarches, always keeping perfect time. The chorus of older men huddle close together, chanting a wail-like refrain to the monotonous thump-thump-thumping of the drum.

It is a striking scene of gorgeous color. The brilliant sunlight illumines the gaudy trappings of the dancers. Rows of gayly dressed Apaches, Navajos, and Pueblos on horseback encircle in quiet dignity the enthusiastic actors, while a little farther off the whole scene is framed in by the gleaming walls of the white and yellow houses, whose roofs are crowded with men, women, and children clad in their richest holiday garments, in strong relief, and the distant mountains and deep blue sky.

The men dancers have bunches of green and yellow parrot feathers fastened to the top of their waving raven hair, while around their necks are strings of beads made of shells, feldspar, and turquoise. Their bodies are nude to the waist, and are painted with a blue-white clay, sometimes merely in crude spots, while the legs and arms are frequently striped with the same or a different tone. Around the loins a Zuñi or Moqui woven breech-cloth embroidered in red and black is held in place by a white cotton girdle or sash, ending in balls and long strings, waving with every movement. Below the knee masses of brilliant colored wool are knotted; over various colored and beaded moccasins are anklets of white and black skunk or goat fur; and hanging from the belt behind, a fox-skin with the tail downward. Under broad armlets of tinted buckskin are sprigs of cedar; a bunch of the same is held in the left hand, while the right shakes a gourd rattle at every change of posture.

The dress of the women is a square of heavy dark blue wool, drawn over one shoulder and under the other, exposing part of the breast, while the sides are held together by ornamented silver pins. A long woven colored sash is wound around the waist. The legs are bare and notably fine; the feet small and beautifully formed. Their headdress is decidedly peculiar. It is made of an oblong piece of board or dried buffalo-hide, notched at the top, with a T-shaped piece resembling the "Tau," the emblem of life of the ancient Egyptians, cut out of the centre. It is painted a light green, with red and yellow stripes and symbolic figures; on the sides and points are flecks of white eagle's down. The lower part is hollowed out to fit the head, and is held in place by thongs of buckskin fastened under the hair. Immense strings of shell and coral beads encircle the women's necks, and big Navajo silver rings or a crude turquoise hang as ear pendants. Many silver and copper bracelets dangle at their wrists as they wave the branches of evergreen from side to side in unison with the steps. Rich vermilion covers their cheeks and heightens their savage beauty. They are modest in demeanor, gracefully naïve in movement, and rarely take their eyes off the ground during the dance.

The dancing was kept up for seven long hours; but there was never any shirking; they stamped as energetically the

last hour as the first. Any sign of fatigue would be met with renewed vigor of the chanting chorus, while the drummer would reverse his drum and thump harder on the other head. The chorus huddled closer together, gesticulating seriously with their hands, as though to emphasize the meaning of their songs.

At sundown they all filed solemnly into the church-yard, and kneeled down while the image of the saint was carried inside. A volley from the guns, then the Indian character asserted itself in a wild race of men and women to the estufa, where they indulged in their first refreshment of the day. Feasting was kept up far into the night, as were bonfires throughout the Pueblo and on the church towers and walls.

J. H. SHARP.

NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA—1723.

THE man who, after running madly down Cortlandt Street, colliding with half a dozen shoestring-peddlers, stepping on a small boy, and narrowly missing being run over by a truck, finds his boat for the Philadelphia train just gone, thinks that fate has indeed used him hard. He mops his brow, and the world looks very dark to him. Had he got his train, he would have been whisked to Philadelphia in two hours. Now he must wait forty minutes, and take a slow and beggarly train which consumes two hours and a half in making the trip. To ease this man a little, and provide him suitable reading matter while he waits, let us glance at the first trip made by Benjamin Franklin from New York to Philadelphia, with his thrilling and diverting adventures by the way, as told in that most admirable of biographies, *The Life of Dr. Benjamin Franklin*, written by himself.

It was in the year 1723—a long time ago from one point of view; not so long from another. For it had been one hundred and fourteen years since the brave Henry Hudson had, in his high-heeled ship the *Half-Moon*, cruised about in these parts, and it lacked but three years of a century since the open-handed Peter Minuit had bought this fair oblong island from the crafty Indian for $24—payable in trade, the sagacious Peter not seeing enough in the transaction to warrant his putting good money into it. Indeed, if there is anything in history, the financial stringency and tightness of money in these early days was something awe-inspiring, and the amount of business which was done without a circulating medium coming into evidence is calculated to drive a free-silver advocate mad. Another point which serves to make one realize that Franklin's trip was not so extremely long ago is the fact that he lived till within ten years of the beginning of this century.

But though the guileless Dutch and the artful English had been lumbering about in this neighborhood for a century, young Franklin missed no train to Philadelphia, nor yet a stage—for there was neither train nor stage. He made no wild run down Cortlandt Street, or Corladus Street, as a contemporaneous map seems to call it. But nevertheless he appears to have hurried in his early-day deliberate manner. "I hesitated not to embark in a boat," he says, with a wealth of old-fashioned S's, "in order to repair, by the shortest cut of the sea, to Amboy, leaving my trunk and effects to come after me by the usual and more tedious conveyance." What was this usual way of going to Philadelphia? It comes out further on in the volume that it was a sailing sloop down the coast—and not a limited one either, but one which took a fortnight to make the passage between Philadelphia and Boston. Indeed, young Benjamin had just reached Newyork (as he loves to write it) from Boston by sloop in the record-breaking time of three days, accomplished "by favour of a good wind."

Benjamin was at this time seventeen years old, and he had decamped from Boston and an uncongenial brother to look for work in New York. It would be simple tomfoolery to say that his statue had not yet been set up in Printing House Square; but it would be stating a fact, and facts are never to be despised. He had little money, and on arriving instantly offered his services to Mr. William Bradford, the printer. This was two years before Bradford issued the first newspaper in this city, the New York *Gazette*. Bradford had no work for the young man, but held out hopes of his getting employment with his son Andrew, who had a printing-office in Philadelphia, and whose principal workman, Aquila Rose, had recently died. It was then that Benjamin began to hurry to reach the City of Brotherly Love. There was no time to be lost, as the position might be filled at any hour. So he "hesitated not to embark" on the fastest thing visible, and New York just missed becoming the proud foster-parent of one of the greatest men America has produced. Alas, that Bradford did not have at least a case which Benjamin could have "thrown in"!

The journey was fruitful of difficulties from the first. His object was to reach Amboy, apparently the present Perth Amboy, and he may have embarked from the neighborhood of the Battery. "In crossing the bay," he writes—and here let the man who has missed the Philadelphia limited take heart—"we met with a squall, which shattered to pieces our rotten sails, prevented us from entering the Kill, and threw us upon Long Island." This kill was the Kill van Kull, and the squall must have come up from the southwest, rushed across Constable's Hook, and rolled great breakers over Robbins Reef. But this was not all. He goes on:

"During the squall a Drunken Dutchman, who, like myself, was a passenger in the boat, fell into the sea. At the moment when he was sinking I seized him by the foretop, saved him, and drew him on board. This immersion sobered him a little, so that he fell asleep after having taken from his pocket a volume, which he requested me to dry. This volume I found to be my old favourite work, *Bunyan's Voyages*, in Dutch, a beautiful impression on fine paper, with copperplate engravings, a dress in which I had never seen it in its original language."

But though the drunken Dutchman, sobered and refreshed by his bath, slept on, the danger was far from being past, for, after some critical observations on the ingenious Bunyan, he continues:

"In approaching the island we found that we had made a part of the coast where it was not possible to land on account of the strong breakers produced by the rocky shore. We cast anchor, and veered the cable towards the shore. Some men who stood upon the brink hallooed to us, while we did the same on our part; but the wind was so high and the waves so noisy that we could neither of us hear each other. There were some canoes upon the bank, and we called out to them, and made signs to prevail on them to come and take us up; but either they did not understand us or they deemed our request impracticable, and withdrew. Night came on, and nothing remained for us but to wait quietly the subsiding of the wind; till when we determined, that is, the pilot and I, to sleep if possible. For that purpose we went below the hatches along with the Dutchman, who was drenched with water. The sea broke over the boat and reached us in our retreat, so that we were presently as completely drenched as he."

But they escaped the horrors of the unhospitable coast of Long Island in the neighborhood of Red Hook, and the next day, "the wind abating," they pulled away for Amboy, which, by hard rowing, they reached before dark, "after having passed thirty hours without provisions, and with no other drink than a bottle of bad rum, the water upon which we rowed being salt." Apparently it was not thought advisable to explore either the coast of Staten Island or the Jersey mainland for fresh water. Which thoughtful traveller was provided with the bottle of cheap rum is not stated—possibly the drunken Dutchman. Franklin was extremely temperate in the matter of drinking, and afterward in London won from his fellow-printers the title of the American Aquatic; but he had ample excuse during this stress of voyage for taking his share of the poor but refreshing rum.

Once in Amboy, after warding off a threatened fever by the use of cold water, he crossed the river (Raritan) and started away over the country on foot for Burlington, fifty miles distant, where he was told he "should find passage boats that would convey" him to Philadelphia. It rained all that day as fast as the clouds knew how to pour down the water, so, after getting "wet to the skin," he stopped about noon at a "paltry inn," and passed the rest of the day and the whole of the night. Here he made "so wretched a figure" that he was "suspected to be some runaway servant," but fortunately was not taken into custody. The next day brought him within eight or ten miles of Burlington, where he found a congenial innkeeper named Dr. Brown, a good fellow but a "sad infidel," who afterward "undertook to travesty the Bible in burlesque verse," exhibiting thereby "many facts in a very ludicrous point of view, which would have given umbrage to weak minds had his work been published, which it never was."

The next morning he reached Burlington; but the fate of the man who runs through Cortlandt Street overtook him at last: the boat was gone. This was Saturday, and there was no other "ordinary passage boat" till the following Tuesday. But a good old woman, who "had sold him some gingerbread to eat on his passage," took him in and offered to keep him till Tuesday, treating him with "true hospitality." "She gave me," he continues, "with the utmost good will, a dinner of beefsteaks, and would accept nothing in return but a pint of ale." The excellent old lady was evidently not the Burlington Aquatic.

But fortune favored him, as it sometimes does the traveller to Philadelphia. He had missed the Royal Blue Limited Flier boat, but he caught an accommodation. He says:

"Walking out in the evening by the river-side, I saw a boat with a number of persons in it approach. It was going to Philadelphia, and the company took me in. As there was no wind, we could only make way with our oars. About midnight, not perceiving the town, some of the company were of opinion that we must have passed it, and were unwilling to row any farther; the rest not knowing where we were, it was resolved that we should stop. We drew towards the shore, entered a creek, and landed near some old palisades, which served us for fire-wood, it being a cold night in October. Here we stayed till day, when one of the company found the place in which we were to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia; which, in reality, we perceived the moment we were out of the creek. We arrived on Sunday, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and landed on Market Street Wharf."

Thus, after five days' travel, the future representative of America in Europe reached Philadelphia, one hundred miles distant from New York. Ought the man who merely misses a Cortlandt Street train to complain in the light of this?

H. C.

A PIONEER YACHTSMAN.

IT was in 1801 that Captain George Crowninshield, of Salem, Massachusetts, placed an order for a sloop yacht of about twenty-two tons with his fellow-townsman, Christopher Turner, a famous shipwright of that day. She was named the *Jefferson*, after the newly elected President, and forthwith entered upon a career of pleasure cruising, with no rivals in her class. So far as known she was the first American boat of sea-going dimensions designed and built specially for yachting purposes. Salem was then at the zenith of her maritime prosperity, and the Crowninshields were among her most prosperous and daring sea-captains and ship-owners.

The peaceful voyages along the picturesque North Shore came to an abrupt end in 1812, when Captain George promptly accepted England's challenge for a series of international races on the high seas. He shipped a crew of twenty men, gave the *Jefferson* as big a gun as she could safely carry, and sent her out as a privateer. Within a few days she won an exciting race with the British schooner *Nymph*, and putting a prize crew on board, sent her home to Salem. Two other captures were the additional rewards of this voyage. Thus early did the one existing Yankee yacht establish a creditable reputation for speed and efficiency.

It is perhaps worth noting that this pioneer yachtsman was the owner of an *America* that long antedated the renowned schooner of the same name, and won a series of races in comparison with which the excitements of a cup contest fade into insignificance. This original *America* made four voyages as a privateer, capturing certainly twenty-six, and probably between thirty and forty British vessels. The total value of her prizes considerably exceeded one million dollars. She was one of the fleetest vessels of her day, and could easily run away from anything that was too big to fight. That was a kind of sailing race to stir a yachtsman's heart. No preliminary correspondence, no deeds of gift, the leading boat on her best point of sailing regardless of time allowance, and the prospect of a fight at close quarters for a finish!

The *Jefferson* was sold in 1815 and turned into a fishing-smack, in which capacity she served for many years in the waters about Nahant and Marblehead. Indeed, it is not beyond the range of possibility that she may be still afloat, for the late B. W. Crowninshield says, in an interesting pamphlet from which many of these facts are gleaned, that he had good reason for believing that she survived only a few years ago. If there is any chance of finding her and preserving her as a relic, the Eastern Yacht Club might well devote some of its surplus funds to refitting her as a permanent annex for the handsome club-house on Marblehead Neck.

Hardly was the *Jefferson* disposed of when her former owner longed for something larger and better. Accordingly he soon had on the stocks a craft that was at first named *The Car of Concordia*, but afterward rechristened *Cleopatra's Barge*—of the two names it is hard to decide which is the least admirable.

She was launched in December, 1816. By this time Captain Crowninshield had, through commerce and privateering, accumulated a large fortune. He was an accomplished navigator, and very fond of exploration and adventure. The yacht was rigged as a brigantine, and cost about $50,000 even at that early day. She measured 83 feet on the waterline, was 22 feet 11½ inches wide, and 11 feet 5½ inches deep. Curiously enough, these dimensions and proportions are not very different from those of the cup-defender *Mayflower* and her successors. Her tonnage was 191½ tons nearly—almost exactly that of the *Mayflower* under the old rules of measurement.

In spite of her owner's love of seamanship, his taste in the matter of decoration seems to have been, to say the least, eccentric—one side of the yacht was painted in horizontal stripes of many colors, and the other bore a similarly diversified device after the manner of the herring-bone pattern. Her standing rigging was made of ropes laid in different colored strands, huge false windows were painted on the sides of her cabin, and altogether she must have been distinctly at variance with what is considered "shipshape" at the present day. Nevertheless she was very fast, and beat the sailing frigate *United States*, a crack ship of her day, in an all-day race at sea. Shortly after she was launched she sailed for the Mediterranean, visiting Fayal, the Azores, and many of the Mediterranean ports. She aroused everywhere the greatest curiosity, and was visited by the royal families of the different states where she made port. Captain Crowninshield, with true democratic freedom, kept open ship, and welcomed thousands of visitors, who probably had never been on board a yacht before. At Marseilles he shipped a party of musicians, who remained with the vessel as long as she was in the Mediterranean, and discoursed sweet music for the entertainment of visitors on state occasions.

Returning to Salem in 1817, Captain Crowninshield immediately began preparations for another voyage, intending to visit England and cruise as far as St. Petersburg, but shortly afterward he was taken ill, and died very suddenly of heart-disease on board the yacht of which he was so proud, and which had made such a remarkable record as pioneer of the great fleet that has since gone into commission. This famous old vessel was subsequently sold as a merchantman, but eventually became the property of King Kamehameha I. of the Sandwich Islands, and was used by him as a yacht for about one year, when she was stupidly run upon a reef and proved a total loss. Such, in brief, is the eventful history of the first sea-going American yachts of which we have any authentic record.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

FOUNDING A NEW EMPIRE.

BY CARL SNYDER.

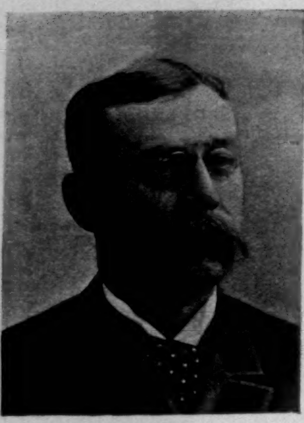
STRETCHING westward from the one-hundredth meridian, extending from about the middle line of the Dakotas, Kansas, and Nebraska to the shore of the Pacific, lies a vast domain surpassingly rich in every variety of natural wealth, yet populated sparsely and in scattered localities, and for its larger extent but a vast and formidable desert. It comprises two-fifths of the entire area of the country, and of the 568,000,000 acres of remaining public land 542,000,000 are included in this broad expanse. Nature has been lavish in its gifts to the region, withholding but the one thing needful—rain. Give it but this, and it will support an agricultural population equal to that now living east of the Mississippi River.

With the magnificent purpose of advancing the reclamation of this arid empire, the National Irrigation Congress meets at Los Angeles, California, this week. It is a notable gathering, one of hardly less importance to the western half of this continent than the assembling of the Federal Congress at Washington this summer. For vital as are the interests of some of the States in the future of the white metal, it is small compared with the entire region's interest in the future of irrigation. Already nearly $400,000,000 of capital is employed in the irrigating systems of the West and farms they have called into existence. That is a sum exceeding the cost of the five Pacific railroads, and equalling the estimated value of all the gold and silver mines of the United States, exclusive of their railway improvements. And irrigation in this country is yet in its infancy. Its development has but just begun. In the fertile valleys of California, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and others, large systems have been constructed, costing from a million to ten million dollars each, and reclaiming a hundred thousand acres or more at a stroke. But a far broader development, comprising the construction of huge storage reservoirs and the conversion of large rivers into immense irrigating systems, awaits the time when Congress shall give over the keeping of the remaining public lands to the States in which they are found, for use as the needs and limitations of each locality shall direct.

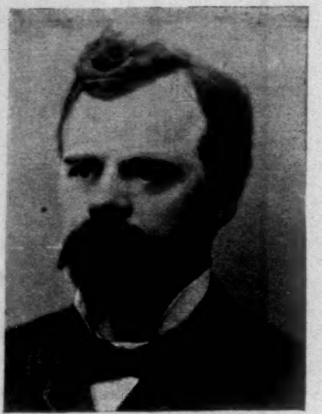
This question of the cession of the arid lands to the States is a chief topic before the congress at Los Angeles, as it was before the former congress, held two years ago at Salt Lake City. The latter, the first of its kind to be held, dealt almost exclusively with this problem, and in response to the declaration of the Salt Lake convention, Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, introduced in the Fifty-second Congress a measure providing for such a cession of the arid lands. But so abrupt a disposal of all that remains of the public domain was not to be effected at once, nor, perhaps, will the nation care to let this vast territory pass from its control without definite guarantees and stipulations that the lands will be rightly employed for the use of the whole people. The gathering at Los Angeles could address itself to no more important end than the presentation of some clear and comprehensive plan which will meet the objections raised.

In its broader aspect the congress will be useful in popularizing and extending the irrigation idea. Comparatively few of the American people have any just conception of its scope and importance. It does not seem at all improbable that the production of the irrigated farms will one day equal in value the product raised under a natural rainfall. Moreover, with the almost complete disappearance of lands available for homestead entry the problem of cheap homes for the westward-rolling millions becomes a serious one. The convention at Los Angeles will invite attention to the fact that irrigation offers almost the only possible solution. Just how much of the arid domain it is possible to reclaim cannot be put in definite terms. The final aggregate will be determined only by the limits of profitable construction of the irrigating systems. But it may be roughly stated as equalling in extent the tillable lands of half a dozen States the size of New York.

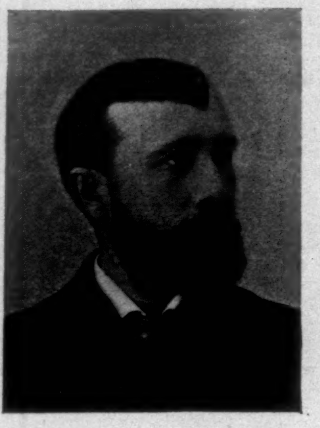
This, however, gives but little idea as to the population these lands will one day support. The intensive farming which is the characteristic of irrigation, together with the marvellous fertility of the "desert" land when supplied with water, renders possible a larger return from a farm of ten or twenty acres than the average yield of a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm dependent upon natural rainfall. In other words, under irrigation there is possible a population to the square mile from ten to fifteen times that of the Eastern States. So, too, while the price of irrigated lands is much greater than the prairie lands in their first cost, the acreage required to support a family in comfort is relatively



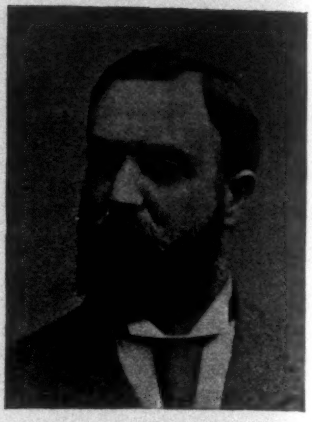
EX-SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN.
Cheyenne, Wyoming. Author of Bill in Fifty-second Congress to cede Arid Lands to States.



EX-GOVERNOR ARTHUR L. THOMAS.
Salt Lake City, Utah. Chairman National Executive Committee of Irrigation Congress.

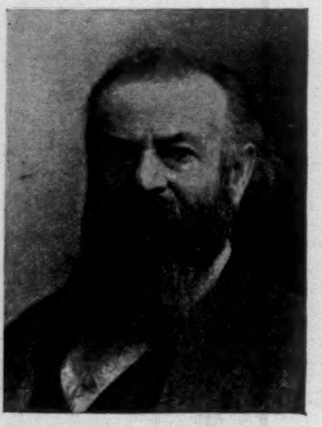


WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.
Editor *Irrigation Age* and Secretary National Executive Committee, Salt Lake City, Utah.

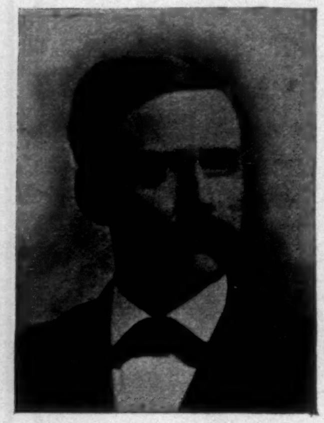


DANIEL FREEMAN.
President Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and Chairman Committee on Arrangements.

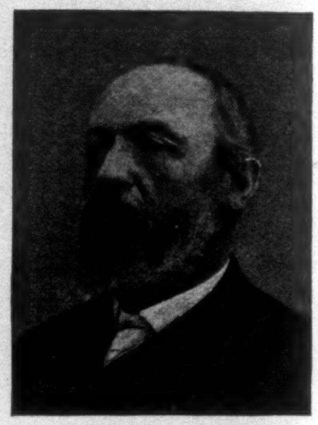
FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS.
Member of Congress from Nevada.



MAJOR J. W. POWELL.
Washington, D. C. Director of United States Geological Survey.



C. C. WRIGHT.
Modesto, California. Author of Irrigation District Law of California.



CHARLES W. IRISH.
Reno, Nevada. Chief of Irrigation Inquiry, Agricultural Department, Washington.

THE IRRIGATION MOVEMENT IN THE FAR WEST.—SOME OF THE LEADERS.

so small that irrigation provides for us an almost indefinite prospect for cheap homes.

Viewed, therefore, in its political aspect the subject is one of national concern. But not alone in its material side does irrigation appeal for popular interest. It opens up new social conditions, and provides the basis for an almost ideal farm life. With each farmer occupying but ten or twenty acres, an irrigated valley becomes one large connected community. The bane of isolation and loneliness, the spectre of farm life, is gone, and in its stead come the club, the library, school, and church, within the easy reach of all. As there is neither drought nor deluge to destroy crops, an element of stability is introduced, while control of the water supply reduces farming to the limits of an exact science. Under irrigation brains are the single factor of success, and the high premium on intelligence attracts an unusually desirable population. Immunity from disaster and the sense of security breed independence, while larger social contact brings refinement. In fine, irrigation makes possible the very highest type of agriculture, and by making farm life one of pleasure and attraction, affords sturdy resistance to that unhealthy drift of population to the cities.

Nor is this all prospect. The beautiful valley surrounding the city in which the Irrigation Congress meets offers a very vivid realization of these ideal conditions. There are wide-stretching avenues bordered by hedges and trees, picturesque homes and cultivated gardens, and farms whose values range from $500 to $3000 an acre, where there is a fine orange grove. And what is true of Los Angeles is true of other portions of Lower California, and favored portions of Utah, Colorado, and Arizona. In this latter much-maligned State are some of the most wonderfully fertile valleys in the world, once strewn with sage-brush and cacti, now populous and fair to look upon. The valley of the Great Salt Lake is another salient example. When Brigham Young and his followers entered it they found an alkali desert. The Mormons became the most industrious of irrigators, and this valley of to-day is their handiwork. This is beyond the citrus belt, but the average size of these farms is but twenty acres. Many of these are grouped in villages, the farmers having their homes in a cluster, and going out to their fields by day.

Here and there is seen, too, the "colony," the famous Greeley Colony of Colorado being the most notable example. Founded twenty-three years ago, this colony has been developed into one of the model communities of the West. The farmers have built and own their irrigation works, and in a moderate way have realized some of the ideal conditions of Mr. Bellamy's dream. They have solved what must always be one of the important problems of this new life—the ownership and control of the main irrigation plant. This latter question is another important topic before the Los Angeles congress. While the Greeley Colony stands apparently as a remarkably forcible demonstration of the better results accruing from public or community ownership, not all the experiments in this direction have been so unqualifiedly a success. California has enacted what is known as the "Wright law," which is a decided step toward nationalism. Under this law the land-owners of a district are to build and operate irrigation works much as the larger cities now deal with their water supply. The law has been in operation about five years, and although many districts have been organized after the direction of the law, bonds issued, and works built, opinion is yet divided on the feasibility of the idea. Hon. C. C. Wright, the author of the law, will be its champion before the congress.

The congress will be in session until October 15th. It is called under the agency of the national executive committee appointed by the Irrigation Congress which met at Salt Lake. Ex-Governor Arthur L. Thomas, of Salt Lake City, is chairman of the committee, and William E. Smythe, editor of the *Irrigation Age*, is secretary. Delegates are present from seventeen States and Territories lying wholly or in part within the arid belt. Eastern capitalists who have become interested in the subject, and the Agricultural Department at Washington, are represented, as well as several foreign countries. Secretary Gresham, some months ago, issued instructions to the diplomatic officers of the United States requesting them to bring the attention of the governments to which they are accredited to the congress, and invite them to send delegates. As several of the countries of Europe have a lively interest in the subject, it is probable that representatives from them will be present, and also from England, whose investing public has taken a far greater interest in the irrigation bond than have the investors of our own country. The city of Los Angeles has made elaborate preparations for the reception of the congress, and will place itself in evidence as among the wonders accomplished by irrigation.

The Los Angeles gathering should command the general attention of the people of the United States, for the subjects and the problems with which it is dealing are of profound and vital interest to the entire country. In the far West, and by the men comprising this congress, the foundations of a new empire are being laid, whose future will be as magnificent as its institutions and its life will be unique. Every one will applaud a project so splendid and fraught with so much of consequence not merely to the West or to the nation, but perhaps to the human race. When, moreover, it is remembered that the States and Territories most directly concerned in irrigation are those upon which the business paralysis attendant upon the closing of the silver mines has fallen, a presentation of the other great underlying industry of this vast section should be heard with deep and widespread interest by the people of the entire country.

AMATEUR SPORT

This department went to press Friday, October 6th.

THE ALL-AUSTRALIA-PHILADELPHIA CRICKET MATCH was concluded Monday afternoon (the courtesy of Captain Blackham allowing it to be finished after the time set for drawing stumps had passed), and the home eleven won by the handsome margin of an inning and sixty-eight runs.

SCORE.

Philadelphia,	1st Inning	525
Australia,	1st "	199
"	2d "	258—457

Although the Australians' lack of condition must be considered a factor in the compilation of the local players' tremendous total, nevertheless Philadelphia's batting was exceptionally good, being hard and well timed, while their defence was wellnigh impregnable. At no time during their long innings did the visitors' bowling give them the slightest trouble. The Australians, on the other hand, did not handle the Philadelphia bowling as if they were entirely at home with it, although A. Bannerman played a sterling inning of 79 "not out," and both George Giffen and Trott batted freely and confidently. Bannerman's batting in the second inning was a sound display of defensive cricket. Indeed, had it not been for his steadiness, his companions would have made but a sorry display.

THE BOWLING AND FIELDING OF Philadelphia showed a very gratifying improvement in these important departments of the game. Among the bowlers, King is perhaps entitled to the highest praise. Muir, who obtained 2 wickets for 13 runs, was not tried often enough, in our opinion. The setting of the Philadelphia field was excellent, resulting in the saving of many boundary hits and in the capture of several Australian wickets in the "country." Certainly the return was not always as sharp nor as accurate as it might have been, the fielders being inclined to hold the ball too long after picking it up; still, the general work was such as we have a right to expect from the centre of American cricket. Wood's work at short slip was, as usual, a feature of the game. But the especial point in which the Philadelphians have shown the most marked improvement is in wicket-keeping. The difficult duties of this position were very creditably performed by Mr. Ralston, who stood right up to the wicket, handling thrown balls in capital style, and taking advantage of every opportunity afforded in other directions.

IF THE VICTORY OF THE PHILADELPHIANS is followed, as it doubtless will be, by a creditable display against the same opponents when they play the return match at Manheim, American cricket will be placed on a distinctly higher plane than heretofore, and in its new light entitled to the respect of first-class cricketers throughout the world. There is some talk among Philadelphians of a tour of the British Isles next summer. We heartily endorse such a trip as the best thing that could happen to benefit American cricket, provided the Philadelphians play against the first-class county teams, and only such representative elevens as the Australians encountered on their tour. If, however, the Philadelphians elect to choose their opponents from among the second-raters, they had better remain at home. What they especially need now is practice against the best bowling England can produce. This practice, even if they lose matches in obtaining it, will be of an incalculable advantage, enabling them to familiarize themselves with the most difficult deliveries, and eventually to master them.

As this paragraph is being written, the Australians, thirteen strong, have permitted the All-New-York, of eighteen players, to make a score of only 101, 17, 11, in their first inning. The Australians were in a bit better form than at Philadelphia, due very likely to confidence more than anything else, and New York showed up weaker than had been expected. Besides having eighteen men, the New Yorks have at least two professionals on their eleven.

THERE WILL BE MANY A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR behind the Yale line this year. Captain Hinkey is on pins and needles to find something promising. He had counted heavily upon De Witt, who was at the end of last season very close to a place on the 'varsity. Adee, De Witt, and Thorne

were the men he expected would fill up the gaps, and with a very fair measure of satisfaction too. Dyer was also well thought of, as he is a very clever dodger. The first days of practice broke up this combination most ruthlessly. Adee with a bad ankle, Dyer with a shoulder out, De Witt gone altogether, and Thorne already showing less stamina than is necessary for hard work and consistent performance, has set Hinkey wondering how deep a hole he is getting into. Nothing short of this could have tempted him to try such men as Brown and Lyman as half-backs. Brown is a big tall fellow, with no more build for a half-back than for a coxswain of an eight-oared shell. Not that a big man cannot sometimes be made a good half, but he must be clever with his hands and feet, which Brown is not. Lyman has the better build, but he certainly cannot play half. He is slow at starting, and his speed is not great even when under full headway. A new man, Elliot, may have a fighting chance. He is better than these big fellows now, at any rate. Eaton has the pluck for it, but he looks fragile, and he has not had experience enough to take the roughing scientifically, but bangs himself to pieces. At quarter, Lilly never was as good a man as Adee, but he might make a serviceable change half-back, because he is hard and willing. It would not be surprising to see him tried more there after a while, especially if Hinkey can find another change quarter. Richards is a man who can play either at half or full back, I should say, for he is fast and a good kicker. Any man who can come so near even time in a hundred as Richards is always a hard man to catch. Jim Lee's speed did the trick for Harvard at Springfield once not so many years ago as to be forgotten.

Armstrong's lines have evidently fallen in with his wishes. After working hard for the position of change tackle last year, and coming back this year only to find it more than probable that his light weight would keep him again among the substitutes, he suddenly sees two yawning holes at the halves, and drops gracefully into one of them. There never was a time in five years in which a man could with less initial ability secure a place as a Yale half-back. Not but Armstrong has ability. He has. He is a clever little player, and will make a good man. But compare him to-day with such men as we are wont to see behind the 'varsity lines—Bliss, McClung, Lake, King, and the like—and he seems outclassed. He has no half-back education; but neither has he any bad faults to get rid of. His greatest weakness, and the one hardest to overcome, lies in his lack of sprinting ability. He is not a slow runner, but just slow enough to be caught. He has not the burst of speed necessary for a good half. All his other points may be brushed up, but that one can hardly be made good in only six weeks, so Yale's other half-back must have speed. Thorne has a little of it. He gets up steam as he goes for the end, and it is possible that it is in him. He looks like a half occasionally as he comes, but there will have to be days and days of hard work spent upon him. On the whole, at this date, he seems rather the best man Yale will have, provided, of course, he doesn't go lame.

A little chap named Morris, who played the position on his class team last autumn, is putting up a very clever game at quarter in Adee's absence. He is quick, passes the ball well, and tackles with that same persistency which makes Adee so good. Lilly must take care if he does not want to be crowded by this new-comer.

There has been no further augmentation of the number of promising full-backs for the Yale team. Butterworth is good, but hardly strong enough, in these days of line-bucking backs, for Hinkey to rely upon without substitute. Dyer is the only man who seems capable of punting, and it is an acquired art with him. It will be decidedly awkward for Yale if no more men turn out for that position. One wonders why young Richards is not out trying for half or for sub back. He can punt with Butterworth, and that is saying a great deal. His reputation is that of a man subject to "rattles," but there is no fault that experience helps so much, and his added season on the track ought to have nearly cured him. Track athletics have made him a better man for football, and football would insure consistency of performance, which he lacks now, when he returns to the track.

As for the University of Pennsylvania, they are at it with a will, and with material that either Yale or Harvard might envy them. Thomas, Gilbert, Osgood, Brooke, and Knipe. What would not Yale give for that assortment from which to recruit her lessened half-back forces? Osgood has already been spoken of in these columns, and Knipe showed us what a plunger he was last year. When, therefore, it is said two of the other three are men of exceedingly good promise, no one will think there is any danger of Pennsylvania's being weak behind the line this year. Knipe is weighing over 190 pounds, and although he has not yet got up to his speed, he strikes the line hard as ever. Osgood weighs now 173 pounds, and is just as dashing as he was at Springfield last November, but he is not in as good condition.

Of the new men Brooke is the heaviest, matching with Osgood. He is evidently no greenhorn at the game, but plays as though he had seen a ball before. He does not yet interfere effectively, but his tackling is first class. Gilbert dodges like McClung, but is taller. He weighs 165 pounds, and is fast. Thomas is an old Exeter captain, and a clever player. He is lighter than the rest, but not at all behind them in ability to take ground. In fact, with good interference, he and Gilbert make a hard little pair. Vail at quarter was good enough last year, and in the rush-line there are the veterans, Reese, Mackey, Simmons, Thornton, and Oliver. Then add Wharton and Off, both of whom, the former at guard, and the latter at tackle, are going to make players, and, finally, Woodruff, a brother of coach Woodruff, who is going to make a place on the line, and it rather looks as if Philadelphia would be heard from in November.

Is there going to be a large and fatal hole in the Harvard line where Waters has dropped out? There certainly has been thus far, not one of the candidates half filling it in the Dartmouth game, and Lewis being obliged to play two positions. Yet Waters's game at half made it hard to say that Harvard does not need him there, for he did go up into the line with a plunge that was difficult to meet or check, and for a heavy man the way he went between end and tackle was clever. Beal was bowled about a great deal; but he played on the weak side, and was perhaps excusable. Fairchild is playing a better quarter than he showed last year. Mackey's years of experience are also beginning to tell strongly in his favor, and he promises to match his Yale rival.

There was not much, in fact, in the Harvard-Dartmouth game to enthuse over. Dartmouth gained ground by using weight and pushing through the centre, Harvard, by around the end behind interference. The ball was not kicked once during the entire game; it was a poorly played game of scrub football. To be sure it is very early in the season, and too soon to expect any

(*Continued on page* 986)

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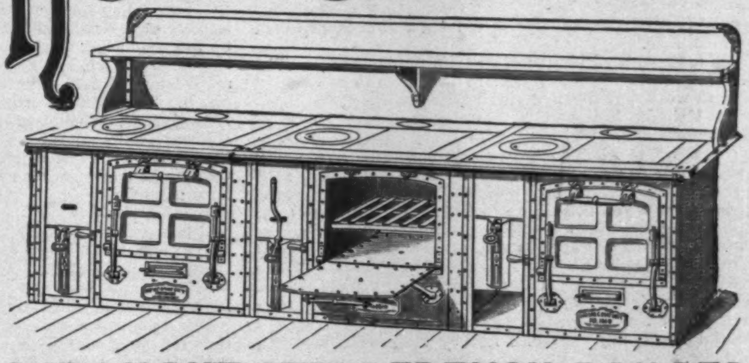

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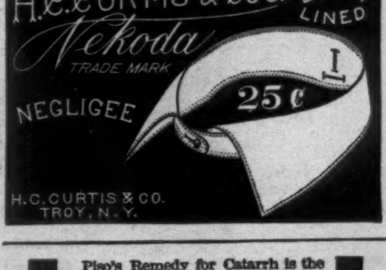

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(*Continued from page 985.*)

team to show many good points, but it is none the less discouraging to see evidence of the same old fault that has largely contributed to the defeat that has come to Harvard more often than her share.

Harvard's offensive work was fair, the interference good, and the men apparently had some idea how the game should be played. But in all instances where a play had to be met—where it became a question of not how to score, but how to prevent their opponents from scoring—the Harvard men were sadly at fault. The truth of the matter is that Harvard is being coached to play a game in which she has the ball all the time. Very little, if any, attention has apparently been given towards developing any sort of a defensive game. The men have been taught to block, but there the instruction seems to have come to an end. Their playing thus far does not show any evidence of their having been taught to judge what a play is going to be, and to act accordingly. They played blindly against Dartmouth, allowing chance to show the way.

AT THE OPENING OF THE DARTMOUTH game the visitors had the ball, and soon rushed it close to Harvard's five-yard line. Harvard seemed utterly unable to hold them, and emphasized their want of defensive work. So soon as they got possession of the ball they knew better what to do, and before many minutes, by quick rushing and good interference, had scored. In forty minutes' play Harvard succeeded in scoring sixteen points—rather a poor showing, even so early in the season, for a team which is expected to defeat Yale.

It is too soon to judge of Harvard's new material. The old men are playing fairly well, and seem to have buckled down to work, but the new candidates are yet to be developed. It looks, however, as though the centre would be weak unless Waters goes back, or some guard as good as he comes up to gladden the coacher's heart. Acton will have to be born again to make an up-to-date guard; all the other candidates for centre positions (except Manahan, the tackle of last year's B.A.A. team, and a good man, but light for guard) are unknown quantities, unless it be Brice, whose chief qualification consists in some two hundred pounds of avoirdupois. Both he and Acton are impossible. There are several other men, but one hardly knows their names, much less their fitness, and it will take a couple of weeks yet before we may say just how good or how bad is Harvard's material to fill the vacancies left by Hallowell, Trafford, and Lake.

FOR THE TACKLE VACANCY fortunately Captain Waters is not put to such extremes. Of the candidates the most promising are Beal and Johnson; the former played tackle at Andover two years ago, and is a hard worker, but rather light for the position; Johnson is the colored man who did so well on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology team last year. He weighs about 170, and is strong and a fast runner. For the right end there are also several good candidates in Stevenson, A. Brewer, Foster, and Bond—the last two being last year's substitutes. Stevenson captained last year's Hopkinson School eleven, and is the best of the lot. A. Brewer, however, will press him hard, with the advantage of a year's experience on the Freshman team. Upton, at this writing, is uncertain; he has not come out, and he might have a try at either end or quarter. For the latter position Fairchild is showing better, getting quicker body movement. Thus far he has no rival, Foster, Gould, and Whitman all being green. Garfield, the ex-Williams half-back, and who was to join Gray and Brewer in the strife for positions behind the line, is not out, and the chances are he will not become a candidate. Corbett has been on the field recently, and if he could acquire certainty and learn to play less of an individual game, he would make a valuable addition behind the line. He is fast and strong, and at times has played beautifully. He has been so uncertain, however, that it was out of the question to count on him, and unless he improved in this respect he could not with safety be taken on the 'varsity, despite his meteoric brilliancy. Captain Waters certainly has a couple of difficult vacancies to fill, and his candidates are of a puzzling sort. Moreover, the second eleven for practice does not materialize in very formidable shape.

THERE IS NO SURER SIGN of the steady advancement of the standard of play in football than the continuous and wide-spread demand for coaches who are known to combine the highest theory with the most skilful practice. Comment was made recently in this direction touching the Western colleges and athletic clubs, and showing how great had been the results in their improved form. The trip made by the writer last winter convinced him of the value of this missionary work, and he again gladly offers to aid any and all Western and Southern colleges in securing an efficient coach. The demand for instruction in football is as gratifying as it is remarkable. All the smaller Eastern and Western colleges will be provided with the best available coaches, and their season's work is certain to show an improvement. Charles Gill, the famous rusher of Yale, '89, will coach Amherst; Norton (Yale), Dartmouth; Harmon Graves, Lehigh, and, later, possibly Trinity. Eugene Richards may coach Williams. A. A. Stagg is at the Chicago University, Frank Barbour at University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Noyes at Northwestern, Evanston, Illinois. This only covers a comparatively few, but shows how the smaller colleges are taking up the game earnestly.

Our two national academies are making more preparation for their match than in any previous year. Laurie Bliss will coach the West Point cadets, and J. A. Hartwell will do the same for Annapolis. In this connection it is gratifying to learn that the annual match between the army and navy cadets has finally become a recognized fixture. It is safe to say no one course in their curriculum is more peculiarly suited to aid in the preparation of these young men for the work of their after-life.

PRINCETON MADE A SMALL SCORE (20) against Lafayette in their first game of the season, but it brought out the fact that they are strongest where Harvard is weakest, *i. e.*, in defensive play. It cannot be denied their playing was disappointing; the playing of the larger teams usually is, for so much is expected of them, and spectators rarely consider that the games are used for practice and to drill the men on certain plays. Nevertheless, Princeton's work was disappointing, largely accounted for by the wretched fumbling of all the backs, especially by Nelson Poe and Rosengarten. Allen also inexcusably muffed two punts. The determination of Captain Trenchard to develop interference was evident by the style of play he persisted in, and his plan seemed a good one, for the new men did better toward the end of the game. They had difficulty in getting around the right end, because of the excellent tackling of Captain Edwards on Lafayette's left end. The tackling of Wheeler and Trenchard was tip-top, and Allen made one tackle in the first half that reminded one of "Snake" Ames—a long run down the field to meet the man and a dive straight for the knees. He did not have much of an opportunity to show how well he can kick outside of a couple of long punts, but he did show that he runs well and fast, is a good dodger, and so makes ground in a scattered field and after his interference is broken up.

IT IS TOO SOON TO PASS JUDGMENT on the new material, but it seems as if some better disposition could be made of the old. Balliet, Hall, Wheeler, and Trenchard are the veterans of the line, and with the men Princeton has to complete it, they ought to develop as strong a line as any on the field. Balliet and Trenchard are the same as last year, except the former seems to lack his usual snap, while the latter has more life. Wheeler and Hall are both better than last year; both have taken a lesson from Heffelfinger, the former getting into interference and assisting his man by taking his hand, while Hall has the ex-Yale guard's old game of throwing himself at a man and completely knocking him over. Yet Hall shows his inexperience constantly. When Lafayette several times put their quarter-back up in the line opposite him, Hall did not know what to do, apparently thinking the quarter-back too insignificant to waste all his strength on; he tried to take care of two, and thereby often ended in letting both through.

PRINCETON CANNOT BETTER THESE FOUR MEN; but if past lessons go for anything, it looks as if the services of two promising men, Lea and Holly, are being lost; the former ought to make a good end, and Holly a tackle. Of those now playing, Church promises well; he has the proper spirit, is a hard player, but should be broken his predilection for roughing. Unless McCauley develops unexpectedly, Captain Trenchard will find that end weak, and it seems as if Church and Lea would make as good a combination on one side as Holly and Trenchard on the other. The new quarter is Nelson Poe, a combination of his two brothers "Peter" and Johnny; in both face and figure he is unmistakably a Poe, and it would not be surprising if he made a better player than either, with Edgar's (Peter's) brain and Johnny's grit and speed. He is very light, and can only try for quarter, if he does not prove too light even for that. This suggests the thought that Princeton seems wedded to the idea of light quarters. Heavy men are not lacking; why would it not be wise to try some of them? A little beef

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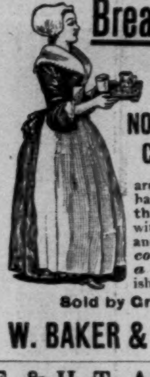

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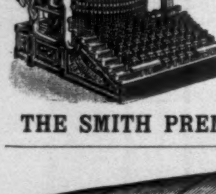

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stands a quarter well in hand, especially behind a Princeton line, where he has been called upon the last few years to do an unusual amount of tackling, and, as it has happened, of very heavy men.

OF THE NEW BACKS, ROSENGARTEN PLAYED on the Lawrenceville eleven, and promises well; he runs hard, but does not follow his interference, and therefore fails to make the ground he might. Altman has the ideal build for a back, short, stocky, and strong; he is new at the game, but if appearances count for anything, he should make a good line-breaker. It seems a mistake, in Princeton's more or less unsettled state, to depend entirely on the quarter-back for signals. A new man is likely to fill the place from time to time, and it seems thrusting responsibilities of too great a nature upon him. Captain Trenchard plays back when Princeton has the ball, and seems the man to give signals from his vantage-ground, which enables him to see the field and take advantage of his opponents' position. All things considered, Princeton begins her football season in better condition than in any year since 1889.

CORNELL OPENED THEIR SEASON in a game against a team of infinitely less promise by showing the same weakness in defensive play as did Harvard. The Ithaca team are much more handicapped by the non-return of last year's 'varsity men than any one of the larger universities. The death of their captain, Witherbee, rather demoralized the team, and notwithstanding the good coaching of Johanson they have not yet got together. Their play was sharp and aggressive, but the men were called on once or twice to do actually desperate work to keep the small Gettysburg (Pennsylvania) college from scoring.

A NEW LEAGUE HAS BEEN FORMED recently with Trinity, Brown, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology as members. They will play two games with one another for a pennant, to be awarded at the close of the season, which will be November 18th, and they promise to be very interesting. It is much more sensible to thus form a separate league among those of the same class than to continue through the season on a haphazard schedule.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LEAGUE, the Western University Football Association, promises to do much for the best development of the game in the middle West. This association, which was organized last year, is membered by the teams of the State universities of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri, and has given football a recognition that is proving to be of incalculable value. In its three years of play the Kansas team has never been defeated. Last year it played excellent football, and besides winning the university series, gave the strong Denver Athletic Club eleven its only defeat, 18-6, and won from the University of Illinois, 26-4. The schedule this year will furnish the best sport yet attained; but what concerns us deeper just now is the development in the game that it will show. The season opens at Denver on the 28th; it continues at Kansas City, Missouri, on November 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, with the university teams of Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and Michigan against Kansas. The big game of this association, however, is Kansas *vs.* Missouri on Thanksgiving day; and this match is to this particular section what the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton struggles are to the East. It will be the third year the two have met on this day, the first and second having been won by Kansas by the scores of 24-4 and 12-6. Iowa will also play Nebraska at Omaha on Thanksgiving, and Missouri plays Nebraska at Kansas City November 18th; outside of these there are other good teams being developed, and the Missouri Valley is fast bringing its standard of play to a point that makes it one of the most important of Western football centres.

AND YET FARTHER WEST the good work goes on. At Seattle, Washington, they have one of the most active athletic clubs in the extreme West; and, furthermore, its activity is in the right direction. This club and the Multnomah at Portland, Oregon, are in fact doing great work for amateur sport on the northern Pacific coast. They are especially blessed at Seattle in having a number of college sportsmen, probably more than any other Western town of equal size. Recently they have organized a football eleven, and are practising every day. It will interest Eastern college men to learn the team's *personnel*. George Carter, of Yale, is coaching them; Marshall Bond, Yale, '88, plays left end; Quimby, who rowed on his class crew at Harvard, is right tackle; Randall, formerly a member of the Wabash second eleven, is the right half-back; Church, a substitute Princeton centre, is at right guard; and A. J. Balliet, the Yale oarsman, is playing centre. The other members of the team are non-college men. Nor is this the end of Seattle's activity; it is the intention to work up a four-oared crew in the spring, and as there are four available Yale men who used to row more or less at college, the outlook is encouraging. There are Marshall Bond, who rowed on his class crew; Richard Hurd, '88, a 'varsity substitute; and George Carter and Balliet, whose work in the boat is still remembered. This ought to make a good four, considering all the men have rowed before, and that they would not pull the "river-crew" stroke.

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES THE SEASON OPENS with more than the usual promise. Indeed, no single section of the country has made so great an advance in so short a time. The Southern colleges, especially of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, have made astonishing progress in the last two years. The organization of a Southern college association did much to further the work, but back of all that the splendid spirit that is always a characteristic of Southern sportsmen has been the means of giving it a permanent foundation and wholesome growth. There is a great demand for efficient football coachers in the South, and the elevens will show great improvement in their play this year. In commenting thus favorably upon the outlook, the writer begs university authorities and captains to sow the seeds of good sportsmanship with the very first lessons in football—let sportsmanship, indeed, be the fundamental of every game; without it the development of the boys' character, which this department considers the *raison d'être* of all sport, will be warped.

Outside of the colleges there has been an effort here and there in the South to create an interest in competitive athletics and inaugurate annual games. None has done so much in this direction as the Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans. It has a number of college men among its members, and the movement which they agitated has resulted in the formation of a Southern athletic union with eight members, four of which clubs belong in New Orleans, and one each in Louisville, Kentucky, Chattanooga, Tennessee, San Antonio, Texas, Birmingham, Alabama, and Nashville, Tennessee.

The week's football scores up to the time of going to press, Friday, October 6th, are:

Yale, 18; Brown, 0. Harvard, 54; Exeter, 0. University of Pennsylvania, 74; Gettysburg College, 0. Amherst, 26; Massachusetts Agricultural, 0. Williams, 14; Mount Hermon, 0.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, which are only half over at this writing, but will be decided before the publication of this issue of the WEEKLY, have turned out to be, as expected, a very disappointing affair. There is but one match that can redeem the one-sided and monotonous contests that have been the rule, and that will be between Malcolm Chace, of Brown, and John Howland, of Yale, who must, if there are any lines left in tennis on which we may count, meet in the final. Judging from Chace's form against Clarence Hobart (with whom he played a practice set and won—6-2), he should win; but although he is a far more brilliant player than Howland, he is neither so steady nor so consistent a performer, and the hard persistently good play of the Yale man is quite as likely to turn him out a winner as it did at Newport. Other than a meeting between these two, and, likely enough, an interesting match between one or the other of them and Budlong, the Interscholastic champion, there seems to be very little of note in the week's play. It is certain that no Intercollegiate tournament ever had so mediocre a list of entries.

The very men who would have brought the play up to its usual high standard—Hovey and Wrenn of Harvard, and Larned of Cornell—failed to put in an appearance. The first two did not enter at all; and while Larned's name appeared on the list representing Columbia, he let his match go by default. It is to be deeply regretted that a tournament which has been in the past, and always ought to be, one of the most interesting of the season, should degenerate to the poor affair that is nearing its end this week at New Haven. Herein is further evidence of the waning interest in the game, and still more reason why the National Lawn Tennis Association should bestir itself along the lines suggested in this department recently.

"VIGILANT" AND "VALKYRIE" HAD THEIR FIRST meeting last Thursday, October 5th, for the *America's* Cup, but as the 30 miles were not sailed within the required limit of six hours, it was called no race. It will not become a matter of record, and there is, therefore, nothing for us to say except that on the day's outside sailing *Vigilant* showed the better work. She crossed the starting-line almost with the gun, and assumed a lead of several hundred yards, which she gradually widened to a quarter of a mile. When about two hours out the breeze shifted, and in taking in her spinnaker *Vigilant* lost the wind and lay in irons until *Valkyrie*, which held her breeze, had passed, and left her a mile astern. Although rounding the turning-mark 26 minutes after *Valkyrie*, *Vigilant* began picking up, and at the rate she was going would have caught the British cutter in the 8 miles that was left to sail when the event was called off. This paper goes to press before the other races are sailed, and comment is reserved, therefore, for the next issue. We need have no fear of the *Vigilant* not holding her own in such a drifting match as that of Thursday, and this department still sees no weather in which *Valkyrie* can defeat *Vigilant*, unless it be such a blow and such a nasty, choppy sea as the defender has not yet encountered.

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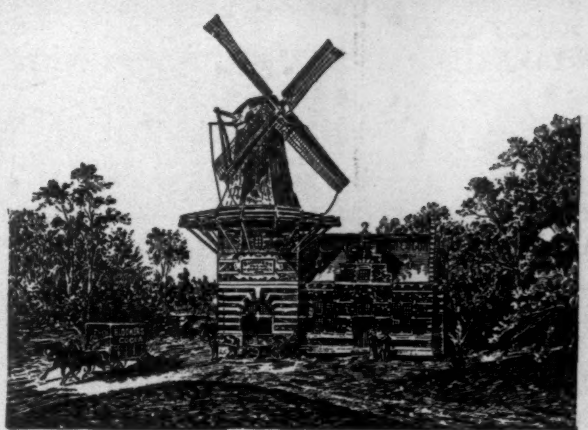

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